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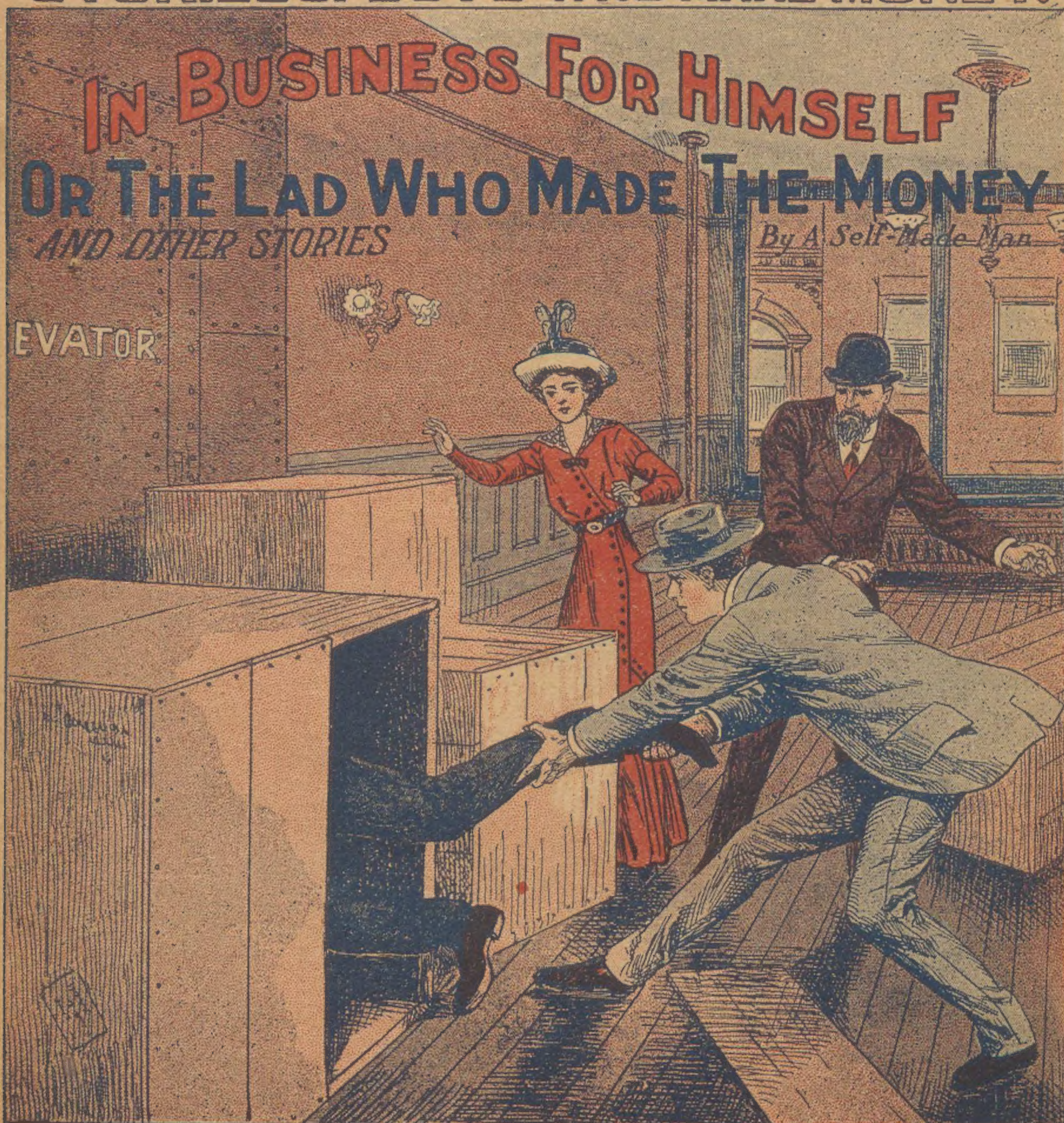
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FAME
• AND •

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FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



"Here, come out of that case, you rascal!" cried Phil, grabbing the fellow by one of his legs and giving it a tug. The man kicked as vigorously as he could, but was unable to shake off the boy's grip.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF

OR, THE LAD WHO MADE THE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Our Hero in Trouble.

"So I've got the kick-out at last—thrown out of a good home which should eventually be mine by rights—and politely told that hereafter I am non persona grata, or in plain English, not wanted, at the home where I was born; and all because my father chose to marry a second wife, with a son of her own, and I was the stumbling-block in the path of her motherly ambitions," said Phil Forrester, as he sat by the roadside with his back against a thick clump of bushes. He was a fine, bright-looking boy, and had but recently graduated from the high school of his native town.

After a strenuous interview with his step-mother he had left his father's handsome mansion and gone down the road to think over the lady's ultimatum. The new Mrs. Forrester was a woman of indomitable will and perseverance, with all the capabilities of a master of strategy. She married Mr. Forrester for purely selfish reasons—the betterment of her social position, for she was ambitious to shine as a leader, and the future of her son Clarence, who had all his mother's faults and none of her virtues. From the first she made no effort to win the regard of her step-son. She was a hypocrite. Her purpose was to supplant the boy with her own son, and she did not doubt her ability to do it.

To succeed with the least amount of friction it was necessary for her to obtain a complete mastery over her second husband, and to a woman of her mental resources and personal advantages this was not such a hard matter. Indeed, she was born to command; but like many strong personalities, she had her weakness—she was almost a slave to her undeserving son. After carrying on a quietly aggressive campaign against her step-son for a matter of six months, assisted by Clarence, who had an eye to his own interest, things had culminated that afternoon, while Mr. Forrester was away on a business visit.

The trouble began with a scrap between Phil and Clarence, an almost daily happening of late. Clarence, knowing he had his mother at his back, took every possible chance to annoy Phil. Phil had a workshop in the barn and was interested in the construction of a certain mechanical contrivance that he believed would be of great use to farmers. After Clarence showed the disagreeable side of his character Phil kept his unfinished model in his tool box.

He had been working on it that morning and

neglected to lock it up when he went to lunch. After lunch he went to his room to get a book and did not immediately return to the barn. Clarence went there, and, espying Phil's model, looked it over, and then with a malicious intent proceeded to pull it to pieces, breaking some of the pieces. Phil came on the scene about the time Clarence had practically ruined the model and caught him putting the finishing touches to his rascally work. That was the last straw with Phil. He handed Clarence the whipping of his life, blackening one of his eyes.

Clarence finally escaped from his angry step-brother and presented himself before his mother with a tale of woe as big as a mountain, in which he represented himself as the innocent victim of Phil's ungovernable temper. Mrs. Forrester was greatly enraged. She sent a servant for Phil, and when the boy appeared she denounced his conduct in unmeasured terms, and declared that either she or he should leave the house. As Phil was sick of her treatment, he forgot himself so far as to tell her that he wished she would leave, as he hadn't any peace since she had come there. Thereupon she told him that she was boss of the coop and everybody in it, and ordered him to pack his trunk and get out. He retorted that her orders didn't go with him, and further told her that if her disagreeable son annoyed him again he would hand him another whipping that would make the first one look like a penny whistle beside a brass horn.

The madam, beside herself with anger, rang for the butler, a new acquisition employed by herself, and told him to put Phil out of the house bodily, and the butler did it without wasting any unnecessary time in argument. The boy, not being able to cope with the muscular butler, went off to consider what he should do until his father returned to adjust the trouble. And so we find him a mile or two down the road feeling pretty blue over the prospect ahead, his only bit of satisfaction being the whaling he had given Clarence, which he intended to repeat with interest, for that youth had hailed his expulsion from the grounds with great glee.

"I'm afraid father will allow himself to be guided by my stepmother, for whatever she says appears to be law with him," thought Phil gloomily. "He has already taken Clarence's part against me on several occasions in spite of the plainest evidence showing I was the aggrieved party. If Mrs. Forrester puts the ultimatum up to him that it must be either she or me who will

leave the house, I'm afraid I will get the short end, in spite of the fact that I am heir to the property."

At that moment an automobile came from the direction of the town. Two stylishly dressed and pretty girls were in it, one of them acting as the chauffeur, and Phil recognized them both as particular friends of his. As he wasn't in the humor of meeting them at that moment, he got up, pushed his way through the bushes, crossed the field, and, entering a small wood, walked down into a romantic little dell. A rivulet ran through the dell. Deciding to finish his plans for the future there, he sat down on a broad stone, with a line of tall bushes between him and the path through the dell. Hardly had he seated himself when two boys came rushing pell-mell into the dell. They stopped on the other side of the bushes and breathed heavily.

"Got the money, Vint?" asked one of the other.

"Bet your life I've got it!"

"I thought you dropped it as you were getting out of the window."

"Drop fifteen hundred dollars! I guess not."

"But the cashier saw you leave with it. I heard him yell: 'Drop that money, you young rascal!' I didn't notice the package in your hand when you slid out of the window."

"Let's make a start for the lake," said Vint.

"Hold on. Let's divide the money here."

"We'll do it on the boat."

"No, do it now. We might get separated, and then I wouldn't get my half."

"Sure you would. I'd keep it for you."

"I don't want you to keep it for me. Fetch it out and divvy up."

"It's wasting time."

"It won't take five minutes."

Vint pulled out the package of money and the two boys looked greedily at it, unaware that a third pair of eyes was peering through the bushes at them and the money.

"Run to the edge of the wood and see if any one is coming this way," said Vint. "I'll have it counted by the time you get back."

"Nixy. I don't stir from here till I get half the money," said Jim.

"Are you afraid to trust me?"

"You might run away and leave me in the lurch. Fifteen hundred dollars is a lot of money to hold on to."

"Only a week's pay for the factory hands. Well, here goes. I'll lay the money off in two piles."

Vint began the operation, counting it as he went. There were \$5 and \$10 bills first, and then a lot of ones and some twos. Phil Forrester watched the division of the money, at the same time making up his mind that he would butt into the case, get hold of the money and restore it to the factory people. His idea was to startle the two thieves and then grab their spoil. He softly picked up a good-sized stone, and as Vint laid down the last bill, flung it into the bushes opposite.

Then he shouted: "Now I've got you!" shoved himself through the bushes, and seized hold of the two piles of money. The boys made a grab for the money, and, failing to get it, dashed off as fast as their heels could carry them and disappeared among the trees.

"That was easy," chuckled Phil, putting the money into each of his side pockets. "Now, I'll take it back to the cashier of the factory."

He started in the direction he knew the novelty factory lay, soon passed through the wood, crossed a big field, got over a fence and made his way into the yard of the establishment, where he found several excited clerks talking.

"Where's the cashier?" he asked one. "In the office?"

"No; he's leading a hunt for two young thieves who stole a bunch of money out of the office a while ago."

"How did they do it?" asked Phil.

"One of them crawled in through one of the back windows, and, watching his chance, slipped into the counting room and got away with the money right under the cashier's nose," he was told.

"Which way are you chasing them?"

"Over that way," waving toward the road.

"What makes you think they went that way?"

"They were seen running in that direction."

"I saw two boys in the wood ten minutes or so ago."

"You did! What did they look like?"

Phil described Vint and Jim.

"Those are the rascals. I must tell the manager. He's phoned for the police and we expect them here soon."

"I heard one say that they would cross the lake in Dixon's boat."

The clerk rushed for the offices and Phil followed him.

CHAPTER II.—Caleb Drew, Miser.

"Can I see the manager?" said Phil, a few minutes later, of the clerk, when he came out.

"Yes. You're the party who told us about having seen the boys in the wood. The manager sent me to bring you into his office. He wants to ask you about them."

Phil accompanied the clerk in.

"This is the boy, sir," said the clerk.

"How do you do, young man! I understand you saw two boys in the wood whose description answers that of the young rascals who stole \$1,500 from the counting room."

"I saw two boys, and they were the thieves, all right," said Phil, as the clerk retired.

"You seem to be confident of the fact. You have formed your opinion from what you heard from the clerks in the yard?"

"No, sir. I formed my opinion when I overheard the boys say they had robbed this factory of \$1,500."

"You heard them say that?"

"I did."

"Did you make any effort to capture them?"

"I had little chance of catching them and getting the money, too."

"Couldn't you have nailed one of them?"

"I might have done so, but I thought more of getting the money away from them than making prisoners of them. I don't think I could have held either if they stuck together and put up a fight."

"Well, what did you do, anyway?"

"I was behind some bushes and they didn't see

me. When I saw them start to divide the money I thought I saw a chance of getting it away from them by strategy."

"Well," said the manager.

"One of them counted the bills out while both crouched close to where I was. I waited till the right moment, then tossing a stone into the bushes opposite to distract their attention for a moment, I gave a shout and reached for the two piles of bills."

"Did you get them?" asked the manager, in a tone of excited interest.

"I did. Here they are. I believe the money is all there, but I can't swear to it," said Phil, taking the two wads out of his pockets and laying them down on the manager's desk.

"By George! You did well, young man," said the gentleman. "Pardon me while I run over the money."

In a few minutes he announced that every dollar was accounted for.

"Young man, you shall be rewarded for this. You deserve a suitable recognition for your services. Let me know who you are. Seems to me I have seen you before."

"My name is Phil Forrester. I live at Forrest Lodge, two miles from here up the road. My father is George Forrester, head of the firm of George Forrester & Co., wholesale liquor dealers in town," replied the boy.

"I know George Forrester by reputation, and I have seen the Lodge often. It is a handsome piece of property. Glad to make your acquaintance. You have placed our company under great obligation. This money would have been a serious loss to us, had those rascals got clear off with it. I fancy the police would have nabbed them in a day or two at the outside, but still it is possible they might have escaped with their booty. Your prompt action has simplified the business, and, as I said before, your services in the matter will not be overlooked. In addition to that, I beg you to accept my personal thanks. There is my card."

The manager's name was William Fairbanks.

"You are welcome, Mr. Fairbanks," said Phil. "Now I think I will go."

Shaking hands with the manager, Phil took his departure. Now that the excitement was over, the boy's thoughts returned to his personal troubles. The treatment he had received from his step-mother, unfair as it was, did not gall him so much as the handling he got from the butler, a hired servant. And he was pretty sore on Clarence, too. It was getting on toward dinner time, and he did not propose to be cheated out of his meal. If, when the matter was brought before his father, he received no support, he determined to leave home and go to work.

He saw it was impossible to get along with his step-mother, for she was resolved on getting rid of him. He walked back to the house and went to his room unchallenged. He saw that Clarence had been in there and upset things generally. While he was putting them to rights his step-brother walked in, but came to a stop on seeing him.

"What are you doing here? Don't you know you've been kicked out?"

"Somebody else will be kicked out of here before he gets many moons older."

"If you mean me, you're dreaming. I'll stay here as long as my mother does, and as she is boss of the coop I guess she's a fixture. You'd better get out before I send the butler up to fire you again."

"When my father hears about how that servant laid his hands on me he'll get the hook in short order."

"Will he? I guess not. My mother hired him, and nobody else will put him out."

"We'll see. This is my father's house, not your mother's."

"What's his is hers, and what's hers is mine, so one of these days I expect to own everything here."

"Where do I come in?" asked Phil sarcastically.

"You don't come in at all. If you had behaved yourself, and treated me with proper respect and deference, we might have let you have a thousand dollars, but now you won't get anything."

"As I happen to be my father's son, the law will have something to say about that in case anything should happen to my father."

"My mother will see to that. She'll see that your father makes a will cutting you off with a dollar, or maybe \$100. I heard her say so."

Phil hadn't thought about such a possibility, and Clarence's words gave him quite a shock. Mrs. Forrester was quite capable of doing such a thing, and the afternoon's events would probably hasten such action on her part. If she carried her point with his father he would be disinherited. Clarence sat down on Phil's trunk near the door and seemed to enjoy the effect his words had produced.

"You'll have to work for your living," he said, "so the sooner you get busy, the better."

"And what do you intend to do for a living?" said Phil.

"Me? I intend to be a gentleman and live here."

"Admitting for the sake of argument that you eventually do come into this property, how long do you suppose you could keep the place running?"

"Your father has a business and is worth money besides. I'd sell the business for as much as I could get. Then to make sure I'll marry some rich girl. That would make me pretty solid, I guess."

"Do you think any girl would have you?"

"Any girl would jump at the chance to live in this house. I'll give Daisy Green the first chance. I rather fancy her."

Miss Green was the only daughter of the president of the First National Bank in town, and she had all the advantages of wealth and good looks. Clarence only knew her by sight, but he was smitten on her, just the same. Phil had made her acquaintance at a Sunday-school picnic and had impressed her by his manly qualities, but he had found no opportunity to follow up the acquaintance.

It rather riled Phil to hear Clarence refer to Daisy, though at the same time he didn't believe that a girl of Miss Green's sense would give such a chap as Clarence a second thought. At that moment the first bell for dinner was rung.

"I'll have to go. No use of you coming down, for you won't be allowed in the dining room. You'd better start for town and go to a restau-

rant. If you haven't the price I'll lend you a quarter," said Clarence, with a grin of satisfaction.

Then he left the room.

"To think of that puppy putting on airs in this house!" said Phil to himself. "Oh, there'll be a day of reckoning yet."

Paying no attention to his step-brother's words Phil dressed himself for dinner and when the second bell rang he went downstairs and took his place at the table. The butler looked at him, but did not attempt to stop him. Presently Mrs. Forrester and Clarence came in. The former ignored Phil's presence entirely. She did not order the butler to remove him from the room as the boy half expected she would. When her anger evaporated after Phil's departure that afternoon, she felt that she had made a mistake in proceeding to extremes with him.

She expected he would come back, and she intended to take no further action against him, but would wait till Mr. Forrester got back and then she would see whether or not she couldn't impress on her husband the advisability of sending him to some college preparatory school, and thus remove him from Forrest Lodge."

Mother and son talked together while Phil ate his dinner in solemn silence. When the meal was over the boy went to his room. Usually he found pleasure in reading, but on this occasion he could not content himself with a book. His mind was disturbed by the state of affairs, and after walking up and down his room for a few minutes he put on his hat and left the house. He started up the road toward town at a slow pace in the gathering darkness. He had no objective point in view. He just wanted to get away from the house and consider what he would do if his father went against him, as he feared he was likely to do. After walking a mile or so, Phil came to a halt under the wide-spreading branches of a towering oak tree.

Leaning against the side of it, Phil continued to ruminate. It was a dark and cloudy evening, and the cool night breeze whispered through the branches and leaves above him, as if speculating on the presence of the solitary boy in that lonesome spot. Phil did not concern himself about that night—his immediate future was of far more importance to him. He hardly noticed the automobile that swept past with a rush from the direction of the town. He certainly did not observe the approach of three men from the same direction, even when they got close to the tree and paused on the side opposite to where he stood—a motionless shadow, seemingly a part of the tree itself, in the gloom.

But their voices soon apprised him of their proximity. And presently the bright gleam of a match, followed by intermittent flashes, indicated that one of them was lighting a cigar or a pipe. He might have taken advantage of the match glow to look around at the men, but he didn't, for he was not interested in them. That is, not at that moment he wasn't, but his feelings presently underwent a change, as their conversation took hold on his ears. The first thing that aroused his attention was the name of Caleb Drew, which was mentioned by one of the strangers. Drew was a reputed miser who lived in a small old-fashioned cottage a mile away from

that spot, and as far from the road. His only companion was a granddaughter, said to be a very lovely girl of fifteen, who kept house for him. Owing to the sequestered situation of the cottage, which stood close to the bank of a creek that emptied into the lake referred to in the previous chapter, and not far from the edge of the wood in which Phil had that afternoon encountered the young thieves, little was seen of Caleb Drew's grand-daughter.

She never went anywhere, and it was only at rare intervals that some boy or farm hand of the neighborhood got a close view of her. She was often seen from a distance, her sunbonnet bobbing up and down, tending to the little truck patch at the back of the cottage, but whenever she observed the approach of a stranger, and everybody was a stranger to her, she quickly vanished into the house and did not reappear again till he had passed on his way. She was therefore an object of not a little curiosity in the neighborhood, and this curiosity extended to Phil Forrester among the rest.

He had tried all sorts of devices to surprise her out of doors, but had never succeeded in doing so, for she was very watchful, he found, and invariably fled at his approach. Caleb Drew acquired the name of being a miser because it was known that he was well off, rich enough to own a finer mansion than Forrest Lodge, and put on as much style as he chose. Instead of which he dressed in old faded clothes, of an antique cut, and never spent a cent more than was absolutely necessary for the frugal support of himself and his grandchild, and as they lived largely on garden stuff, his expense account was not alarmingly high.

Drew's wealth was largely invested in gilt-edged bonds, and these he kept in a strong safe in a small alcove off his bedroom on the second floor. This alcove was built of brick, from the ground up, and as the rest of the cottage was wholly constructed of wood, chimneys excepted, it looked from the outside like an extra large chimney, and was considered as such, for the old man had carried out the idea by having it continued to the roof and there shaped like the top of a large chimney. So when Phil heard the name of Caleb Drew mentioned by one of the men on the other side of the tree he became all attention.

CHAPTER III.—The Contemplated Robbery.

"You are sure that the old man keeps his wealth in his cottage?" said one of the men, and the significance of his words greatly increased Phil's interest in the conversation that easily reached his ears.

"Yes, I'm sure of it. Most of it is in coupon bonds, which are negotiable on sight, and can easily be sold without question. If he wasn't an old fool of a miser he'd have the securities locked up in the vaults of our bank, where they would be absolutely safe, and where he could go four times a year to cut off the coupons. As it is, he calls at the bank four times a year with the coupons, we cash them, and he carries the money away with him, presumably to his cottage, for he keeps no account with our bank, nor with

any other that I have been able to find out. Judging his wealth by the coupons that pass through my hands every quarter, I should say that he's worth at least \$100,000."

"Without speaking about the cash he probably has in the house, too?" said the other.

"Yes."

"Then we ought to make a fine haul."

"We are bound to. A hundred thousand dollars is worth taking a big risk to get hold of. You fellows will do as you please with your shares, but I'm going to Europe to remain for good. A chap can spread himself there for half what it costs him in this land of high prices."

"One hundred thousand in salable bonds will give us over \$30,000 each. That's more than Bill and me have ever pinched in our lives. Then maybe we'll find ten or fifteen thousand more in cash. It's a regular gallus crib to crack. The house, you say, is all by itself, near a wood, and not another house within half a mile?"

"Yes. A creek is on one side of it and the wood on the other. It's as lonesome a spot as you could wish for in a settled district."

"There's nobody in the house but the old man and a girl?"

"The girl is his grand-daughter, and is as pretty as a picture."

"Why didn't you make up to her, marry her and then you'd have stood in line for the whole of the old man's money?" grinned the other.

"I did try to get acquainted with her, but it was no use. The old fellow is too careful of her. He doesn't intend to let her get married as long as he lives. He couldn't get another housekeeper like her. He knows he can depend on her. She's as good as a watch dog when he's away at town, but he doesn't leave the cottage any oftener than he can help."

"He's bound to put up a stiff fight in defense of his wealth, and as we can count on him having a big revolver we'll probably have to lay him out stiff to save ourselves."

"You won't have to do anything of the kind. He won't be at the cottage to-night to interfere with us. We'll have only the girl to face, and she won't count a whole lot, even with a gun in her hands."

"How do you know the old man won't be home? Seems to me it's the last thing such an old fellow would do as to go away from his place at night."

"There's only one thing I know of would take him away, and that's the news of the death of his old sister, who is pretty well fixed herself. She lives in Clyde, 150 miles from here. I was there Sunday and arranged to have a letter, announcing the old lady's sudden death, and requesting his immediate attendance to take charge of her property, sent to Drew, care of our bank. I expected the letter to arrive this morning and I was on the lookout for it. It came and I held on to it till two o'clock, when I showed it to the cashier. As I expected, he told me to send it out to the old man by our messenger, and I did so. There is only one train he could take after two that would land him at Clyde to-day. That left at a quarter past six, and I was at the station to see if he went by it."

"Did he?"

"He did, with an old traveling bag that was

made before the flood. So he's out of the way, and there's no one at the cottage but the girl."

"Good. You've got a great head, Becker. You have been wasting your energies as a cheap bank clerk. You'd be an ornament to our profession."

"No; you chaps have to take too many chances in the course of your business. If your heads are level you'll quit the crooked game after this night's work and enjoy yourselves for the rest of your lives on your share of the old man's hoarded wealth. We'll sell the bonds in Chicago and cross into Canada by steamer. I can get passage to England from Halifax. I would suggest that you two come with me. At any rate, I would advise you to keep out of this country for some time to come, for when Drew gets back home, which will happen as soon as he can connect with a return train after finding out in Clyde that he was hoaxed, and discovers that he has been cleaned out of all his securities, he's going to make a big effort to catch the perpetrators of the outrage."

"We might be caught selling the bonds."

"I've figured that we'll be able to reach Chicago in the morning by catching the midnight express. Drew won't be able to get back home much before noon to-morrow. It will be well along in the afternoon before the police get busy. We will be able to get rid of the bonds in three or four hours if we are lively."

"If you intend to leave by the midnight train we have little time to lose."

"We have none at all. It is eight o'clock now. Where did you leave your bag of tools?"

"At the roadhouse, half a mile from here, where Bill and I put up."

"We'll go there, get the tools and start for the old man's cottage. It won't take us many minutes to break in, and after we have gagged the girl and locked her in her room, we'll have a clear field to work in. Come on."

Becker, the bank clerk, started off and his companions followed him.

"So those rascals—two of whom are professional crooks, I should judge, while the third is a clerk in one of the town banks—are going to rob Caleb Drew to-night of the securities he has in his cottage, after sending the old man on a wild-goose jaunt 150 miles away, to get rid of him. It strikes me they're going to meet with a snag. I shall make my way to the old man's cottage right away, warn his grand-daughter of what is on the cards, and help defend her and her grandfather's property. I'm feeling just in the right kind of humor to take a few chances to-night in a good cause," said Phil to himself, as he started off at a rapid walk for Caleb Drew's cottage.

He knew the location well, for he had been there a dozen times in fruitless efforts to get a close view of the old man's grand-daughter, so he had no trouble in reaching the place by the nearest route. As he expected, the cottage was dark and silent, and the door closed tight, doubtless well bolted on the inside. Phil knocked on the front door, but there was no reply.

He pounded again and again, without result, and became impatient, for he knew that the three rascals would soon arrive, and if they found him there he was sure to have a run in with them, at

a disadvantage that would in all likelihood result in his capture. Then they would probably gag him and tie him to a tree in the wood, where he would not soon be rescued. Phil was satisfied that the lone girl inside heard the rumpus he was making at the door. She would have been deaf if she hadn't, for he was now making a noise loud enough to wake the dead. What he feared was that he had frightened her so much that she was afraid to come to even an upper window. He had to admit that a girl in her position would have to be endowed with more than ordinary nerve not to be greatly alarmed by the racket. Finally he concluded to call out and say that he was a boy, and had a message for her. If she comprehended what he said, this might reassure her somewhat.

"Open the window, young lady, I've an important message for you," he said. "Don't be afraid, miss; I'm only a boy."

Either Phil's words had their effect, or the girl summoned up courage enough to investigate the cause of the disturbance. The second-story window on the right was raised and a tremulous girlish voice asked what the intruder wanted. The darkness prevented Phil from seeing even the vaguest outline of the girl; but that amounted to nothing, as he knew she was there.

"My name is Phil Forrester, and I live at Forrest Lodge. My mission here at this hour of the night is to protect you and your grandfather's property from three rascals who are on the way here at this moment, with the purpose of breaking into the cottage and robbing it. They know that your grandfather is not at home to guard either you or his wealth—that he went to Clyde this evening by the quarter-past-six train. They expect to have an easy job, because they do not consider you much of an obstacle in their way. I overheard their scheme a short time ago, and as there was no time to go to town to notify the police, I determined to come here and act as your defender. I beg you will come down and admit me without delay, so that we can make our plans for foiling the rascals."

"Is this the truth you are telling me?" said the girl.

"It is. You need not fear to trust me, miss, for I am the son of a gentleman. Doubtless you have heard the name of Forrester mentioned by your grandfather. The Lodge is about two miles from here."

"I have heard the name. I believe you are all you claim, but I dare not admit you, for I am entirely alone."

"I can understand and appreciate your reluctance, but this is no time to stand on a question of propriety. Your grandfather's property is at stake, not to speak of what is likely to happen to you when these men force their entrance. You may have a revolver to protect yourself with, but can you hope to stand off three rascals bent on plunder? They will probably tie you hand and foot and lock you in your room, where you will have to remain till rescued. With me in the house your chances will be much better of escaping such a fate. Between us I think we will win out."

"Oh, dear, I know not what to do. If what you say is true I am indeed in great peril. And yet, my grandfather is so opposed to strangers

being admitted to the house that—that I dare not disobey his commands."

"Then you won't let me in?"

"I—I cannot."

"Then I will stay outside and do my best against these ruffians, but without a weapon, and being only a boy, you ought to see that the odds are too great for me to overcome. If they do me up, your only chance will be gone."

"Wait a moment and I will throw you a revolver," said the girl.

"You have more than one, then?"

"We have," she replied.

She retired from the window, and Phil impatiently awaited her return. She was gone but a minute, then Phil saw a shadow leaning out of the window.

"Catch," she said.

The weapon fell and Phil caught it in his arms.

"Thank you, miss. I will do my utmost in your behalf. If I fail, do not blame me. The rascals are likely to be here at any moment now. They will probably make their attempt to enter from the back. If you have nerve enough, go down with a revolver, and if they succeed in forcing a window, shoot at the first who tries to enter. I will take them in the rear, and maybe an unexpected shot or two from me will frighten them off."

With those words Phil waved his hand and retired into the darkness while the shivering girl closed the window and all was again silent around the cottage.

After quite a long wait the sound of voices heralded the approach of the three rascals. They soon appeared under a window of the house, in which they smashed a pane, and one inserted his hand and unlocked the fastening. Then one of the villains proceeded to crawl through the window. Just then a shot was fired from within and the crook yelled, "I'm shot!" and fell backward just as Phil fired a shot and another pitched forward on his face. The third man, Becker, the bank clerk, now took to his heels, followed by a shot from Phil's revolver.

Phil now advanced toward the burglar he had wounded, when suddenly that individual rose on his elbows and fired a shot at Phil, which caught him on the side of the head.

Then a face appeared at an open window and the miser's daughter was trying to pierce the gloom and see how matters stood. She thought that her preserver would call up at her, but he did not. Then a strong shaft of moonlight lit up the ground down below and showed her three figures stretched out there. One of them appeared to be a boy. It might be her hero who had been injured or killed in her defence.

So she waited for nothing else to happen, but shut the window, went to the back door, undid the bolts, opened it and went around the house to where the figures lay. She passed one man who lay perfectly still and came to Phil. She knew he must be the one who had warned her, and so she determined to take him into the house, which she did do, after dragging him in through the back door with considerable exertion. She dragged him to the sitting-room and managed to get him on a lounge. She then washed out the wound, bandaged his head and sat by his side.

After a while Phil came to his senses and opened his eyes and saw where he was and who was with him.

CHAPTER IV.—Phil and Flossie Drew.

"Where am I, and what happened to me?" said Phil, raising his hand to his bandaged head as he became conscious of the pain and throbbing there.

"You are in the cottage," she said softly. "I brought you in from the yard when I discovered you had been shot by one of those terrible men. You are wounded on the side of the head, but I think it is not dangerous."

She could not tell whether it was dangerous or not, but spoke as she did to reassure him.

"How do you feel?" she added anxiously.

"I've an awful pain in my head," he replied, gripping the lounge to stifle a groan. "I feel a bit dizzy and uncertain, but otherwise—I guess—I'm all right."

"Your head is hot. You have a fever," she said, laying her hand on his forehead.

The cool touch of her fingers soothed while it thrilled him. He closed his eyes with a sense of restfulness. She regarded him anxiously. She felt he ought to have a doctor, but the nearest one was more than two miles away, and the clock pointed at eleven.

"Poor boy!" she breathed, as she softly caressed his forehead.

The pain seemed less severe to Phil under the touch of her fingers. While his eyes were closed she felt less embarrassed, and it seemed the right thing to do for her to brush his head with her hand. The magnetism in her touch presently sent him off to sleep, and when she saw that she felt encouraged.

"He will get well," she thought eagerly. "I will stay here and watch by him."

And through the long night she remained near him, and watched him as a mother might her sleeping babe. Toward morning her eyelids drooped, her head fell back on the easy-chair and she slept herself. And thus Phil found her when he awoke, feeling much better. The sunshine was trying to struggle through the closed front shutters, but without much success. The lamp on the table was burning low, and Phil thought it was yet night. As he lay there he remembered everything that had happened, and he knew that the angelic-looking sleeper in the chair was Caleb Drew's grand-daughter.

"I thought Daisy Green about as pretty as they come, but mercy, she isn't in it with this girl! What a shame to keep such a flower housed up in this old cottage! Her grandfather ought to be kicked for it. And to think she brought me in here and tended to me like an angel after I was shot. It is a satisfaction to me to feel that I saved her from rude treatment and prevented that robbery from being carried out. I ought to stand well with the old man in consequence, and maybe he'll let me call here once in a while. If he doesn't, I'll call anyhow. She won't refuse to give me a stolen interview in the truck patch or somewhere else."

He dropped his legs on the floor and sat up. That brought him close to the girl. The charm

that hung about her was so irresistible to him that to save his life he couldn't resist the temptation to kiss her gently. She awoke with a start, saw his face close to hers, and instinctively realized what he had done. With a little cry of maidenly confusion she jumped up and seemed about to fly the room.

"Please don't go. I beg your pardon for kissing you. I couldn't help it. You are so beautiful and I am awfully grateful to you for fixing my head," said Phil earnestly. "Don't be angry with me. I am sorry I startled you. It wasn't fair of me. Scold me if you will. I won't say a word. I deserve it, only forgive me. I promise not to do it again."

There was something in his voice that detained her. She was so ashamed and embarrassed, but she wasn't angry. No young man, or any man but her grandfather, had kissed her before. Her eyes shone like twin stars as she thought how handsome this boy was, and how he had risked his life the night before to protect her and save her grandfather's wealth. It was wrong of him to kiss her as she lay asleep, but—well, it was nice to be kissed by such a fine-looking boy, who was a gentleman's son, and had done so much for her and her grandfather. And he seemed so sorry for taking the liberty—how could she scold him? Then her eyes rested on the blood-stained bandage about the wound. Her confusion changed to solicitude.

"Your head—how does it feel now?" she asked, venturing a step nearer.

"A whole lot better. Feel my head and see if the fever is gone," he replied.

After a momentary hesitation she came forward and laid her hand on his brow.

"The fever you had is gone. You will get well without a doctor, I think."

"I don't need any better doctor than you. You are as fine as silk. But here we are talking, and I don't know your name."

"Flossie Drew," she said, with a smile.

"Flossie stands for Florence, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but grandpa always calls me Flossie. I think I like it better."

"So do I," said Phil promptly. "Phil and Flossie—sounds euphonious, don't you think?"

She laughed softly, and the sound was as musical as chimes.

"Do you know you're a fine girl, Miss Drew—the finest I've ever met."

She blushed and dropped her eyes.

"You mustn't talk that way to me," she said.

"Why not? I like to tell the truth. You are certainly the loveliest girl——"

"Don't," she protested, stopping his lips with her fingers.

"Come, now, how do you like me? Don't you think you'd like to have me for a friend?"

"Yes," she said, looking him straight in the face.

"Thank you for saying so. If we remain friends I shall feel more than repaid for what I did last night. Do you think your grandfather will object?"

"I don't know. You have saved him from being robbed. I think he will appreciate that; but he does not want me to know anybody. He says nobody is good enough for me."

"I agree with him there. You're a pretty

choice little bunch of charms. If he objects to our acquaintance, I'll call around and see you on the quiet."

"No, no; you mustn't do that."

"No? And yet a moment ago you admitted you would like me for a friend."

"I would, with grandpa's consent."

"Then I'll have to win his consent. I'll tell him I'll call my services square for that."

She smiled. Phil noticed that there was no coquetry or goo-goo eyes about her smile. She did not use her charms to captivate him. They had done that without any effort on her part.

"Lie down and let me rebandage your wound," she said.

Phil needed no urging for that. It was a pleasure to him to feel her fingers about his head. The pleasure, however, proved to be rather painful when she started to remove the cloth she had laid next to the wound. In spite of the salve, it stuck in places and hurt him. She decided she would have to get a little warm water, and when she went into the kitchen she found it was broad daylight. She threw open the other closed blind and then started the necessary fire to heat the water. When she returned she threw open the shutters of the sitting room.

"Hello, it's morning," said Phil, as the sun flashed in on his face.

She turned out the lamp and then attended to his head. While fixing it she asked him to go outside and see if the two men were dead. Phil followed her into the kitchen, and when she threw open the door they both looked out. The wounded crook under the window was sitting up and groaning. The other had disappeared. Phil looked at the wounded man and decided he was in a pretty bad way.

"He ought to be taken to the hospital without delay," he said. "Have you a horse and wagon in the barn?"

"Yes. I will get the key so you can hitch up the team," said Flossie.

Phil was not accustomed to putting a horse to a wagon, but he managed to do it without much difficulty. When the rig was ready the difficulty that presented itself was to get the wounded man into the wagon without hurting him. He helped the girl into the wagon, and then lifted the groaning man up to her and she dragged him in, with his help, and placed him upon a straw bed covered with a blanket.

"I'll return as soon as I can," said Phil, waving his hand to her.

He drove to the road, thence into town, and direct to the hospital. There he explained how the man had received his wound.

"Have you notified the police?" said the hospital attendant, who directed the reception of the patient.

"No," said the boy.

"Then do so at once."

"I intend to," said Phil.

At the station house he told his story in full, and asked that the two rascals, one wounded, who had got away, be looked for. The police captain said it would be his duty to place Miss Drew under arrest for shooting the man who was in the hospital. Phil begged him not to do anything like that until her grandfather returned

from Clyde, so that she could be bailed out by the old man.

"Oh, the arrest will only be a technical one unless the fellow she shot should happen to die. I'll send an officer back with you to look for a clue to the route taken by the pair who got away and he will put the girl under arrest, but will not take her away. She will have to promise to be in court when wanted. If we catch the men, can you identify the one who shot you?"

"No, I couldn't. It was too dark, and I was taken unawares by the rascal."

Phil returned to the cottage with the officer, and the detective explained to the girl, whose beauty and gentleness impressed him, that he was obliged to place her under arrest for the shooting, as a matter of form. She was a bit frightened but Phil reassured her. She had breakfast cooked for both of them, and while the detective was looking around the immediate neighborhood they sat down to it. The detective found indications that both men had gone toward the town, and he returned there without finding any further trace of either of them. Phil told Flossie that he would stay with her till her grandfather got back, and she was very glad to have him do so. He helped her prepare dinner and soon after they had eaten it Caleb Drew came back in a very disturbed frame of mind over the hoax that had been played upon him.

He was surprised and angry to find Phil with Flossie, but when the cause of his presence was explained in connection with the events of the night before his sentiments underwent a complete change. He thanked Phil for his services, expressed his regret that he had been wounded, and gave the boy permission to call at the cottage whenever he felt disposed to do so—a concession that made both of the young people quite happy. They had become very good friends since the morning, and Flossie no longer felt shy in Phil's company. The boy's statement concerning Becker, the bank clerk, being the prime factor in the attempted burglary, a fact he had kept from the police until he had seen the old man, induced Drew to harness up his rig and ask Phil to accompany him to town.

He told the boy that Becker was employed by the First National Bank, and was the clerk who handled his bond coupons. He was surprised, he said, that the young man should be guilty of such business, but Phil's statement, as well as the circumstances, left little doubt about it. They drove to the bank and had an interview with the president. That gentleman, Mr. Green, was astonished at Phil's revelations. Becker was called in and confronted with the charge. He was paralyzed and showed guilt in every feature. He denied his complicity, but the police were communicated with and he was arrested as a suspect, though it was considered doubtful if anything could be proved against him, for Phil could not identify him as having been one of the three burglars, and the charge against him was purely circumstantial and without corroboration.

A detective, however, was put on the job of tracing up the letter mailed from Clyde to Caleb Drew, and it was hoped he could be connected with it. Phil got home in time for dinner, and found his father had returned from his visit to Chicago. Mrs. Forrester had seen to it that he

heard her version of the previous afternoon's trouble with Clarence first, with her son to back up the story.

After dinner Mr. Forrester called his son into the library and demanded to know why he was always scrapping with his stepbrother. Phil told him why in plain words. Clarence was called in and gave Phil the lie point-blank. A heated argument followed. The butler was summoned and admitted that he had run Phil off the grounds by Mrs. Forrester's orders, but had not touched him when he came back.

Mr. Forrester saw his wife and suggested that Clarence be sent to a boarding school, so as to separate the boys for a while. Mrs. Forrester refused to part with her son and demanded that Phil be shipped off to some school. Mr. Forrester, who proposed to take his son into his store, objected, whereupon the lady declared she would leave the house and sue for a separation. That threat brought the gentleman to terms, as his wife counted on it would. Next morning Phil was informed that he was to be sent to some big academy.

He took the news without a word of protest, for he knew it would avail him nothing, and made up his mind that he would leave the house and make his own way in the world. He decided to get in business for himself, and had already picked out the business, provided he could borrow the necessary capital. He intended to ask Caleb Drew to loan him the money, for he had some reason to believe that the old man might be induced to accommodate him.

CHAPTER V.—Leaving His Home.

After lunch Phil paid a visit to Manager Fairchild of the novelty factory.

"Mr. Fairchild," he said, "I'd like to go into the novelty business, and I want to know what arrangements your company will make with me to handle a full line of your goods, either in town or elsewhere."

"So you propose to run a business of your own to going in with your father and learning the liquor trade?" said the manager.

"My father has made a lot of money out of the liquor business, but for reasons of my own I decided to keep out of it. As a matter of fact, I don't believe I am adapted to it. Anyway, I'd prefer to start out on my own hook and see if I can't do something independent of my father."

"Your father is willing that you should, I suppose, and will provide the capital to start you?"

"No, sir; my father is not going to provide the capital."

"Indeed! You have other means of getting a backing, then?"

"I'd rather not discuss that matter. As I have done this company a favor, I have called to see if the obligation can be returned by appointing me as an agent for your goods. I want to know on what terms I can secure a supply of your line of novelties, how much credit you will be willing to let me have, with a suggestion as to the best locality for me to begin operations in."

"The company will be glad to meet you more than halfway in any proposition that looks feasi-

ble, and we will allow you all the credit you may need, but, young man, the difficulty in the way is your lack of experience in business, and lack of knowledge concerning our business. That, however, I can put you in the way of overcoming if you are willing to consider a proposition from me."

"I will hear your proposition and adopt it if I think well of it," said Phil.

"Your father might have other views concerning you."

"I'm not bothering myself with his views. I might as well tell you the truth: I am about to leave home and face the world on my own hook on account of my stepmother, who has tried to make life miserable for me, with lots of assistance from her son, since the two came to live at Forrest Lodge."

Phil then went into a detailed account of the treatment he had been subjected to, and how he had received a very little sympathy from his father, who appeared to be wholly under his second wife's thumb.

"Of course, all I have told you is in strict confidence, Mr. Fairchild," he said. "You may think I have exaggerated the situation, but I assure you I have not. Mrs. Forrester's object is to do me out of my birthright, and as she has the upper hand, it looks to me as if she will succeed. Nobody but my father can prevent her, and he is not likely to quarrel with her on my account. It has been arranged that I shall be sent to some academy to get me out of the way. I wouldn't object to that if I didn't feel certain that Mrs. Forrester will make use of my absence to establish her son more securely at the Lodge, so that if anything should happen to my father I would find myself out for good. Under these circumstances I do not propose to waste the time in schooling, as I am well enough educated now for all ordinary purposes, but get down to business and get a start in the world, so that if the worst comes to the worst I won't find myself helpless, and at that woman's mercy."

"Well, Forrester, you have my sympathy, and I will give you all the help I can, but you are under age, and still under your father's control. If he steps in and interferes with your plan you will have to submit to his dictation," said the manager of the factory.

"Not at all. If he makes any move like that I will disappear entirely from his reach, and it will be some time before he hears from me again. I feel well able to make my own way, independent of his aid, and I am going to do it. Mrs. Forrester will put no obstacles in my way if she feels that the course I am going to adopt will serve her purpose. All she cares is to get me away from my home. I would not be surprised if she insisted on my having my own way. It would save my father the cost of an academy course, and that would please her very well indeed."

Phil then asked Mr. Fairchild to state his proposition.

"We have a wholesale establishment in town. My idea is that you go to work for us there and learn the business. By the time you have familiarized yourself with all the details your father might be persuaded to advance you the capital to start yourself in an independent agency

in one of the big towns or cities at a distance. The company would then have confidence in your ability to push the business, and if you prove as smart as you look and talk, you should build up a good-paying business for yourself," said Manager Fairchild.

"Your proposal is a good one and I will accept it if you promise to give me every chance to get ahead in as short a time as possible, for I have no wish to work for wages any longer than I can help," said Phil.

"I will speak to the president to-day, and have the matter arranged," said the manager. "The directors meet to-morrow, and a resolution is to be introduced thanking you for saving the \$1,500 and voting you the sum of \$250 as a reward."

"In place of voting me the money, the directors can advise the president to carry out your proposition. Then I will see my way clear."

"There is no doubt that the company will do what it can to satisfy your wishes. Call here to-morrow at four and you will learn the result."

With that Phil left the factory. Instead of going home, he made direct for Caleb Drew's cottage. He found Flossie working in the vegetable patch. She saw him approaching and this time she did not scurry into the house to avoid him. On the contrary, she was greatly pleased to see him so soon again. In a little while she went into the kitchen to prepare dinner, and Phil went with her, taking a seat where he could watch her and talk to her.

"I suppose your grandfather is up in his room?" he said, after a while.

"Yes. He reads all day long almost."

"Doesn't he take any exercise?"

"Oh, yes. He takes a long walk in the morning before breakfast, and sometimes at night, after supper."

"Don't you ever take a walk, too?"

"I walk in the wood and down by the lake of afternoons."

"I should like to have a talk with your grandfather. Would you mind running up and asking him if I can see him?"

Flossie had no objection to doing so, and her grandfather had no objection to granting Phil an interview, so he went up and was ushered into the old man's room, which was a combination of a library, workshop and bedroom, the bed being off in an alcove. Phil told Caleb Drew all the facts about his trouble at home and of his determination to quit the paternal roof and make a start in life for himself. He mentioned the offer made to him by the manager of the novelty company, which he said he had accepted, and then he came to the real object of his visit—he asked the old man if he would loan him the capital to start a business for himself when the time came.

"I suppose you think I have lots of nerve to strike you for it, but I won't ask my father for a dollar, for I mean to succeed without his help even if I have to postpone my venture till I earn the money; but I thought maybe you'd be willing to do me that favor, though, of course, I haven't any security to offer you for it," said Phil.

"I am under great obligations to you, young man," replied Drew. "You doubtless saved me from being robbed of all my wealth, and in addition you saved my grandchild from rude treat-

ment at the hands of those rascals. You will not find me ungrateful. When the time comes that you are ready for the money, call on me and you shall have enough to give you a fair start."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Drew. I appreciate your kindness very much," said Phil.

On the following day at four o'clock Phil called on the factory manager again to learn if everything had been arranged for him to start in at the company's wholesale place. He found it had, and in addition the directors had voted him the \$250, which the manager handed him in the form of a check duly signed by the president and the treasurer. Phil didn't refuse it, for now that he was about to cut loose from his home he would need money to support himself in the manner to which he had been accustomed, and he did not intend to take a dollar from his father. He knew that there was going to be a rumpus between him and his father over his plans for his own future, but he was prepared to meet the issue squarely.

If Mr. Forrester insisted on exercising his parental authority he would simply give him to understand that it meant his disappearance from that neighborhood till he became twenty-one. If he kept his hands off, then they would see one another occasionally. He arranged with Manager Fairchild to start in Monday morning, provided his father did not veto the matter absolutely. If he did, the arrangements were off. On Sunday evening, with his trunk and suitcase packed ready for departure on the following morning, Phil sought the fateful interview with his father. Mr. Forrester nearly fell out of his chair when his son spoke his mind.

"I'll not permit any such thing!" roared Mr. Forrester.

"There's only one alternative—you must put an end to your present wife's tyranny and squelch Clarence for good," said Phil.

"How dare you lay the law down to me?"

"That will do, father. At this moment I am a man in everything except years. I have determined on my course of action. I want your permission."

"You can't have it!" roared Mr. Forrester.

"All right, then; that ends our talk. I wish you good evening."

Next morning Phil visited the Drew cottage, borrowed the horse and wagon, and drove to the Lodge. His father had gone to his business, and his stepmother had just gone for an early ride in a new auto with Clarence. He called the gardener and got him to help him down with his trunk and suitcase, and put them in the wagon. Then he drove to the railroad station in town and left his baggage. On his way back he stopped at the factory and had an interview with the manager. From him he secured a letter to the company's Chicago agency.

Then he returned to the cottage and had dinner with Caleb Drew and Flossie. They knew he was going away, and Flossie was sad and silent. He remained the greater part of the afternoon, then the parting with Flossie came.

"I will write every week, Flossie, and you must answer my letters as often as you care to. I am sorry I have to leave you, for I expected we would have a good time together this sum-

mer. You will not forget me, little girl, will you?"

"Forget you!" she said, giving him a look that told him she would not.

Then she turned away to hide her emotion.

"Do you care for me, Flossie?" he said softly, encircling her with his arm. "I love you, dear, fondly and truly. I want you for my wife some day. What do you say? Is it yes or no?"

He drew her unresistingly to him and tried to pull her head around. She suddenly turned, threw her arms about his neck and buried her head on his shoulder.

That was his answer, and he hardly needed the yes to tell him that she loved him as truly as he loved her. Her parting kiss lingered on his lips all the way to town, and when he boarded the train it was with the determination to win his way in his own business for her sake as well as his own.

CHAPTER VI.—In Business For Himself.

When Mrs. Forrester returned with Clarence from their ride her maid reported to her that Phil had taken his trunk and a suitcase away in a wagon, apparently bound on a trip. The lady of the house was surprised at her stepson's departure, as she had had no intimation that he was to go off to school so soon. However, she was far from being displeased, and as for Clarence, he was jubilant. Mr. Forrester did not get back to the Lodge till seven that evening, and he at once sat down to dinner with his wife and stepson.

"Where is Philip?" he asked, observing his son's absence.

"Where is he?" exclaimed his wife. "Didn't he start for school this morning?"

"For school! Certainly not. I haven't decided on an academy yet," said the liquor merchant.

Mother and son looked at each other.

"Then where has he gone?" said Mrs. Forrester. "He took his trunk and a suitcase away with him."

"He did!" cried the merchant, not a little disturbed by this news. "When did he leave the house?"

"About eleven o'clock, I believe. So he said nothing to you, either, about going on a trip?"

"Why didn't you stop him?" said the gentleman, half angry with his wife.

"How could I? Clarence and I were out in the new car."

"Who told you he took his trunk away?"

"My maid."

"Send for her."

The maid appeared and said she had seen Phil and the gardener carry his trunk down and place it in a light wagon, after which he drove away in the direction of town. The gardener was sent for and admitted that he had helped carry the boy's trunk from his room and put it on the wagon.

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Forrester was now convinced that his son had removed to lodgings in town in order to carry out his intention of going to work for the Novelty Manufacturing Company. Fully deter-

mined to call at the warehouse of the company when he went to town in the morning and compel his son to give up his job there, the gentleman went on with his dinner, and nothing more was said about Phil. Long before the merchant made his intended call, and learned that Phil was not in the company's employ, the boy reached Chicago.

He put up at a hotel for the time being, and then went to call on the manager of the company's agency. The result was he was given a position in the store for long enough to become reasonably familiar with the business. He remained with the concern just a month, then he wrote to Caleb Drew for the loan of \$1,000. He received the money promptly, and without loss of time he rented a room in an office building on West Randolph street, laid in a full stock of novelties, partly on credit, and hung up his shingle. The next letter he wrote to Flossie contained his business card and the following:

"My Dear Sweetheart: At last I'm in business for myself, and it's up to me to make a showing. I intend to do it. This isn't a business where you can sit down and wait for customers to call upon you. You've got to reach out for the customers and yank them in. In other words, you've got to be alive to make things go, and the more alive you are the better they'll go. My shop is upstairs and at the back of the building, so the public won't know I'm here unless I tell them. There is only one way to tell them, and that is by printers' ink. In other words, a fellow has to advertise. I can't afford to do that very extensively at first, as my capital is limited, but I'm doing the best I can in that direction. Several of my novelties are hummers and ought to go well. The Sterling Company appear to be turning out a bunch of winners this year, and I expect to do well with them," et cetera.

One of Phil's first moves was to advertise for local salesmen and fakers to push his stock among the general public. There were a score of other concerns, all more or less established, in the city, doing the same thing, but that fact did not worry him. Some of them had the same goods, but most of them dealt in the articles manufactured by other houses. They had every advantage over a new beginner with small capital, except business enterprise, in which nobody has a monopoly. Phil was blessed with energy, ambition and unlimited confidence in his ability to make things go. Having put his shoulder to the wheel, things had to get a move on. He had his whole future at stake, at least he believed so, and he could not afford to fail.

He had \$1,000 borrowed capital to make up and return to Caleb Drew, and the fact that he had got this money on the very doubtful security of his personal note made it all the more incumbent on him that he should honor the note at the earliest possible time. And so he got down to business, brimful of hope for the future—with the vision of a beautiful face and a loving little heart in a far-away cottage to encourage him in his efforts. Phil's advertisement for city salesmen brought half a dozen men the first day.

They dropped in at intervals and the boy showed them his collection of goods and pointed out

the novelties that were going the best at that time. All of the men decided to try their luck with the articles he pointed out as best sellers. They were required to deposit the wholesale price on the goods, but they were to get their money back on all goods not sold and returned by them. By the end of the first week Phil had a dozen men out working for him. He had started with a capital of \$1,200 altogether, only a part of which he paid down on account of his stock. The rest he needed to pay for advertising, running and living expenses. The first month showed a considerable loss on his books, but his letters to Flossie were optimistic in tone, though he let her into the real facts. The second month produced better results, as he began hearing from his various advertisements in a satisfactory way.

Many only wrote him for his catalogue, which he was glad to send them on the chance that out of the scores of novelties illustrated and described therein, they would find one or more articles that attracted them. The prices of these novelties ran from ten cents up to \$1.50, including the cost of delivery by mail or express, as the case might be. About this time Phil added to his stock a small supply of tissue paper novelties, such as paper balls in red, white and blue, wreaths with a bell center, in assorted colors, parasols in a combination of colors, garlands in emblematic colors, Japanese lanterns, candles for same, fancy fans, and so forth, all of which he obtained from a big Chicago house which imported them. He inserted a four-page circular describing them in his catalogue. This circular, with his name and address on it, he got very cheap from the house that furnished the goods. Another month passed and his business continued to pick up, but he was making nothing as yet, not even his living expenses, which he kept as low as he could.

He had found a room and board with a widow lady on the North Side, in a cheap neighborhood, and was nicely treated there, for the lady and her daughter, who had themselves come down in life, and were trying to get along as best they could, saw that he was a refined and gentlemanly young fellow, and they were much pleased to have him in the house. The daughter worked in a La Salle street office building, and was fairly pretty. She was much struck with Phil and tried all her fascinations on him, but they had no effect on him. His thoughts never wandered away from Flossie, and for fear his own little girl, as he called her, might feel uncomfortable, he never mentioned the girl at the house he was boarding.

Phil realized that everything depended on keeping up a steady run of advertising—it was the only way he could attract a paying trade—but it was a heavy drain on his limited resources. If he had had capital enough, he would have largely increased his advertising output. He had an enterprising brain and he believed that he could not get too much publicity for his goods. He had so many competitors, too, that he felt he must increase his stock as much as possible in order to get a fair share of patronage.

Only the largest and well-established of these competitors were likely to hurt him much in the long run, for most of them were worse off for capital than he was, and none of them had more push and vim, and most of them less, than he

had. As the case stood, it was simply a question of hanging on with him. Once he reached the point where he began to turn himself, success would loom before his eyes.

CHAPTER VII.—Phil Catches a Thief.

One day he was returning to his place after lunch and found two men and a young lady of perhaps twenty waiting to take the elevator up. The young lady was handsomely dressed and held an expensive-looking mesh bag in her hand. As Phil came forward one of the men, a well-dressed young fellow, suddenly snatched the bag from the girl and darted for the stairs leading down to the janitor's quarters and the basement. The young lady uttered a half scream and the other man turned around. The thief was already out of sight, but the rapid patter of his feet could be heard on the stairs. Phil lost no time in starting after the rascal, hoping to capture him before he could find a way out of the cellar. Phil kept the sound of the fellow's retreating steps in his ears, and they led him into the janitor's quarters, which was in the first cellar in the rear of the building adjoining the freight elevator. Before the boy sighted the man, his steps suddenly ceased and all was silent down there.

Phil looked around and could see no exit from the place except by the stairs which he had come down, and a second stairway farther on leading to the sub-cellar where the engine room was. As the sound of the rascal's steps had not gone in that direction, Phil was satisfied he had found a hiding place somewhere on that floor. He proceeded to make a thorough search, and began with the door of the janitor's room, which he found was locked.

"He couldn't have gone in there, unless he found the door open and has locked himself in," thought the boy, looking at the door reflectively.

At that juncture down the stairs came the other man with the young lady who had been robbed.

"Where has he gone?" asked the man.

"That's what we have to find out," replied Phil. "I feel confident he is somewhere around here."

"Have you looked into that room?" asked the man.

"I tried the door and found it locked."

"Then he isn't there. Maybe he's hiding behind those cases standing over there near the elevator?"

"I'll soon see if he is. You'd better stand where you are so as to cut off his retreat if he should try to sneak from some other spot to reach the stairs."

"Oh, dear, I don't know what I shall do if he gets away with my bag," said the young lady, with a troubled look.

"Did you have much money in your bag?" said Phil, thinking her purse might have held \$15 or \$20.

"I had \$5,000 in bills I drew from the bank," she replied.

"Great Scott! As much as that?" gasped the boy.

"Yes."

"You were taking great chances carrying so much money around with you, miss."

"I am accustomed to carrying considerable sums of money."

"Who does the money belong to?"

"My mother. She owns this building, so she can stand the loss, but nobody cares to lose money even when they have plenty of it."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"I was taking it to the agent for him to pay the taxes with."

"Why didn't your mother make out a check to the Tax Collector and let you get it certified?"

"She didn't know the exact amount of the tax bill, though, of course, she could have waited and found out. But this is her way of doing business."

"Well, we must catch that rascal if we can. I'll look behind those cases, but I doubt if he is there, for that would be a poor hiding spot for him to select. It is one of the first places that one would look."

Phil walked over to the elevator before which three good-sized packing cases stood. They appeared to be waiting to be taken upstairs to one of the floors. He glanced behind the cases but no one was hiding there. He was about to leave them when he noticed that one of the boards of the largest case seemed to be very slightly secured. He laid his hand on it and gave it a slight jerk. The boards came away in his fingers, revealing the fact that the case was not filled, as he had supposed, but empty. At the same time he caught sight of a pair of shoes and pants legs above them. That was more than suspicious. It was a positive indication that a human being was concealed in the case. Of course it was easy to guess that the person in question was in all likelihood the thief.

"Here, come out of that, you rascal!" cried Phil, grabbing the fellow by one of his legs and giving it a tug. The man kicked as vigorously as he could, but was unable to shake off the boy's grip. At the same time Phil found it impossible to dislodge him. He called out to the other man to help him.

"The rascal is hiding in here," he said, "and I can't get him out. Lend me a hand."

"I'm so glad you've caught him," said the young lady.

As the other man came up the crook wormed himself around in the case and suddenly shoved out his head and one of his hands with a revolver in it.

"Let go my leg or I'll perforate you!" he snarled at Phil.

The boy let go.

"Now get back, both of you, or you'll go to the morgue," he added, glaring at Phil and the man alternately.

The young lady uttered an ejaculation of fright on seeing the menacing revolver, and she turned pale. Instead of retreating, Phil made a sudden kick at the weapon. It took effect and the revolver was knocked aside, but it went off from the contraction of the rascal's finger, and the ball chipped a piece of plaster out of the opposite wall. Phil saw his chance and he grabbed the hand that held the weapon and prevented the fellow recocking it.

"Now we've got him," he said excitedly. "Get

hold of him and we'll pull him out of his hole." The other man was not over eager to tackle the crook, who was struggling furiously with Phil, swearing like a trooper and threatening to kill both of them.

"Do help him, begged the young lady, who admired Phil's nerve and courage in grabbing the crook and holding on to him."

More aid, however, was at hand. The stout janitor, attracted from the engine room by the report of the revolver, came on the scene, and the moment the young lady saw him she exclaimed:

"Capture that man in the box, Mulvaney. He stole my bag, which has \$5,000 in it. Help the young gentleman pull him out."

The stalwart janitor was not deterred by the sight of the gun. He recognized Phil as a tenant, and chipped in. He seized the crook by both arms.

"Wrench the revolver out of his grip," he said to Phil.

The boy soon did so.

"Now come out," said Phil, "or may be I'll do a little shooting myself."

The janitor soon yanked him out with or without his consent, and he looked badly rumpled up. The young lady told the brief story of the theft of her bag while the janitor maintained a firm grip on the rascal. Phil noticed that he did not have the bag, so he looked into the box. The bag lay in one of the corners. Phil recovered it and handed it to the young lady.

"I am very much obliged to you, she said, with a smile. "I should be glad to know your name."

"Philip Forrester."

"He's a tenant of the building," added the janitor. "Third floor back."

"Here is my card, Mr. Forrester. My mother will not fail to thank you for saving her money."

"Your thanks are enough, Miss Baker," replied Phil, looking at the card.

"Not at all. Mother wouldn't let it go at that. I am glad you are one of our tenants. How long have you been here?"

"Only three months."

"You will find a piece of rope outside there. Get it and we will tie this chap," said the janitor.

Phil found the rope and tied the crook while Mulvaney held him.

"If you'll watch him I'll go and telephone for a policeman," said the janitor.

"All right. I'll look after him," said Phil.

Miss Baker remained to talk with Phil, whose courage and good looks had made quite an impression on her. He told her that he was in the general novelty business, but was having a hard time keeping things going.

"It takes all my spare change to pay my advertising bills at present. You can't get satisfactory results at the start. It takes time for the advertising to pull the custom. And then you've got to have the goods that will sell right along," he said. "My stock is all right. I've got some of the newest and best things out. Some of these are going first rate in town here. I have a dozen people working for me. They are making a living or I wouldn't be able to hold them. I wish I had twice as many of them, but I have found it hard to get a new man of the

right sort. Plenty come in to see me, but nearly all of them are inexperienced, and most of them are not adapted to the business. I send them out on trial, but then they don't do well in a day or two they drop out, and go somewhere else looking for a better thing, but they won't find anything more salable than I have. All that, however, I regard as a side issue. What I'm trying hard to do is to build up a paying mail-order business, and I'm going to do it in time, but at present it keeps me thinking nights how to meet the rent and other expenses."

"How much rent are you paying?" Miss Baker asked.

Phil told her.

"Well, I guess my mother will let you run behind a while if it will help you get on your feet in consideration of saving her the tax money."

"I won't mind getting a little lift that way, for this is the time I need it," said Phil. "As soon as I get things going in shape I can make it up."

"I'll speak to her about it, and she will instruct the agent."

The janitor now appeared with a policeman, and he took charge of the prisoner, handcuffed him, took off the rope and led him away. Phil and Miss Baker then took the elevator up to the third floor, where both got off. She went down the main corridor to call on the agent of the building, while Phil went to his office, wondering if there had been callers who had gone away on finding the door locked.

The next morning Miss Baker and her mother called at his office. The mother thanked Phil for his part in saving her money the day before. Before they left the mother had induced Phil to accept a loan of \$500. He gave her his note for the same.

Business began to pick up for Phil at once, and in a month's time he was doing a rushing business.

CHAPTER VIII.—What Phil Ran Against on His Way Home.

As Phil increased his advertising in papers with the larger circulation that reached the class of people who were interested in the goods he handled, his mail increased, and so did his cash receipts. It might have taken Phil some time to pick out the proper papers that would do him the most good, but for the fact that the Chicago agent of his home company was thoroughly posted in the matter, and advised him where to advertise to the best advantage, and how to do it at the least cost.

He gradually increased his line of novelties and cheap books, and added sheet music to his stock. Songs and instrumental pieces which had had their run, or could not get up a run in the ordinary music stores, were put out at a low price by the publishers, and a big house in Chicago made a business of handling them for the mail-order houses. Phil secured a line of over 500 titles that he was able to sell at six cents a copy and still make a small profit. He inclosed a list of them in his catalogues, together with 500 more that he could get at any time, but didn't care to keep on hand. He found that everything helped,

and that he got many orders for sheet music where his novelties did not attract attention. At the end of his fifth month he was beginning to make real money over all his expenses, but to reach that point with \$1,700 capital in addition to all the receipts he had put into the business had been hard sledding. Had he been timid, his original capital would easily have answered, but he would have made but slow headway, and perhaps have gone up the spout in face of the competition he had to buck against.

Phil, however, was out to build up a big business as soon as possible, and he pulled every string he could get hold of. It had been five months of hustle, anxiety and cheap living for him, and now he was seeing daylight. He found it necessary to hire another girl so he could get his orders out on time, and give more attention to the management of his business. Two girls was a small force, but Phil himself was equal to two or three more. He had to keep a portion of his money in his safe and the balance in a savings bank because his age debarred him from having a business account in a commercial bank. He continued to work four or five nights a week, getting home to his boarding place late. Such a strain on a lad of his years was beginning to make itself felt. He didn't look as healthy as when he came to the Windy City. On the first Saturday of his sixth month his mail was unusually heavy. He and his two girls worked like beavers all that day, but when five o'clock came and he paid the girls off there was still a bunch of work to be done.

Saturday was a night he seldom stayed at his office, but on this occasion he decided to do so and clean up, for he might have another large mail on Monday, and he had to make some purchases, as his stock was running low on certain things that were in demand. He went to supper and came back. At ten o'clock he was ready to leave. He crossed the river and was walking briskly up a dark side street that he always took, for it saved him three blocks walk home, when he saw a man lying in a heap on the sidewalk, as if he had been thrown there.

He stopped and knelt beside him to see if he was a drunk, and discovered that he was bleeding from a wound on his head and was unconscious. In his hand was a piece of paper, torn from a notebook that lay on the sidewalk beside him. Phil scratched a match and looked closer at the man. He was a young fellow of perhaps twenty-five years, fairly well dressed in a business suit. He picked up the notebook and found it partly full of short-hand characters. A fountain pen also lay close by.

Phil put the pen in the young man's vest pocket and the notebook in his side pocket, and then took the paper out of the chap's fingers. By the aid of another match he saw some writing scrawled upon it, as if with great effort. With some trouble he made out the following:

"Henderson diamond robbery—swag hidden at culvert Linden avenue railroad crossing—third stone above water—loose—west side—notify P——"

Phil drew a long breath of surprised wonder. The great Henderson diamond robbery had been the chief sensation of the daily press during the week, and he was familiar with it. Henderson

was a millionaire, and his residence had been entered Monday night, his steel house safe broken open and \$75,000 in diamond jewelry stolen, with other articles of lesser value. Several of the smartest detectives were engaged on the case, but nothing had so far come of their efforts. Phil put the paper in his pocket and, raising the young man in his arms, started for a drug store two blocks away.

"I wonder who this chap is, anyway?" he thought. "He may be a reporter, judging from that notebook. He seems to have got a line on the stolen diamonds. He says they're hidden at the culvert on the Linden avenue railroad crossing. If that is so I see a chance of winning the \$10,000 reward offered by Mr. Henderson for the recovery of his stolen property. I'd like to get hold of it. Linden avenue is some distance from here, but there is a street car line running out there. Third stone above water on west side seems pretty explicit. It's worth trying for, yet I don't like the idea of going there at this hour of the night. It will take me a full hour to get there. I'd rather wait till daylight, but then it might be too late. Perhaps the druggist will be able to bring this chap around all right and we could go there together and share the reward."

It was no easy job to carry the fellow the two blocks. Phil had to go slowly and rest two or three times. Finally he reached the drug store and he noticed by the clock that it was ten minutes of eleven. The druggist came forward to see what was the matter with the young man. After examining the wound, he said:

"This is a case for the hospital, for it looks to me as though his skull is fractured. See the way he breathes? Help me carry him in back and then I'll telephone for an ambulance. Where did you come across him?"

Phil told him.

"He was slugged by thugs for what he had on him and left where he fell," said the druggist.

"I thought maybe he had been thrown out of the house in front of the spot where I found him."

"What kind of house was it?"

"Just the ordinary kind along there, flush with the sidewalk. There's a pawnshop on the ground floor, but it was closed, like the rest of the stores, when I came by. There's little business out here after eight I've noticed."

The druggist telephoned to the nearest hospital, and then asked Phil his name and where he lived. The boy told him, adding that he was in business on West Randolph street.

"I think this young fellow is a reporter," he said. "I picked up a fountain pen and a notebook filled with shorthand characters. I put them in his pocket."

"The case will be reported to the police and they will find out his identity."

"I guess I'll go on home," said Phil, who was anxious to get away. "It's after eleven now. If I'm wanted in connection with this young man's misfortune you have my name and address."

The druggist nodded and Phil left the store.

"If I'm going to the crossing it will have to be alone," thought Phil. "There may be danger in searching for the stolen diamonds. Twice I've outwitted thieves already and recovered their plunder, not speaking about the burglary I frus-

trated at Caleb Drew's cottage, and may I not be successful the third time? I seem to be lucky against rascals of this kind. At any rate, that reward is a big one, and if I should make it, my business will take a boom on that should land me a big winner."

Phil decided to take all the risks that might attend a midnight visit to the crossing. Most boys would have hesitated, and the majority would have backed out, even with a \$10,000 reward in sight. Phil, however, was built of the stuff that comes to time in an emergency. Nothing ventured nothing won is an old saying, and he was ready to venture in order to win.

How the young man had found out the hiding place of the diamonds he could not tell, but he suspected that he had got the knock-out for butting in among the rascals concerning the robbery. Only a detective or a reporter was likely to be following up the case. Phil fully believed that he was the latter. He had to walk six blocks to get a car going to the north suburbs, and one was coming along when he reached the tracks. It had only two passengers aboard, both of them half asleep. One got out after a few blocks further ride, while the other rode nearly to Linden avenue, which was a lonesome spot in the neighborhood of the culvert even in the day time.

"Going to get off here?" said the conductor, in some surprise, as Phil came out on the platform.

There was not a house within half a mile, and the conductor knew pretty nearly every one by sight that he was in the habit of letting off there.

"Yes. What street is that yonder?" pointing toward the culvert a hundred yards away.

"That's no street. That's the railroad crossing. Summer avenue is farther on. Is that where you're bound? Keep to the right of the road or you might slip into the creek."

"This is the west side of the creek, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. Good night," and Phil jumped off.

The conductor watched his retreating figure as long as he could make it out, and then went forward to tell the driver about the passenger who had got off close to the railroad crossing.

CHAPTER IX.—The Case of Diamonds.

Phil kept to the right till he got close to the railroad tracks, and then he crossed directly to the culvert. The culvert had two sides, of course—a north side and a south side.

"Which side is the loose stone on?" Phil asked himself.

That amounted to nothing for if he hit the wrong side all he had to do was to go to the other. The problem was to reach the third stone above the water. Of course it could be reached or the thieves would not have gone there to hide the diamonds.

Reaching the edge of the culvert, Phil looked down the bank of the creek on the south side. As it was not a bright night, the heavens being overcast, he could not see very clearly down the twenty feet of bank. The culvert was solidly built, as befitted the strain it had to bear, with wings extending out about six feet on either side

—all of solid masonry. There was no such thing as getting up or down that without a ladder. The bank on either side of the creek had been cut away several feet to accommodate the masonry, and beyond the wings it lay in its natural state, shelving somewhat toward the water.

Phil struck a match and held it down as far as he could reach close to the masonry. The light gave him a brief sight of the dark water eddying around the space between the culvert proper and the projecting bank.

"If the water is of any depth at all down there one needs a boat to reach the third stone from the water's edge," thought Phil, beginning to understand that the enterprise he was engaged upon was a whole lot more difficult than he had dreamed it would be. "Maybe the third stone referred to is not either the north or south sides, but in the face of the culvert under the tracks."

His hand encountered a stone and he dropped it into the creek to see if he could form any idea of its depth at that point, but he couldn't.

"I wonder if the thieves used a boat!" he thought. "I think that is doubtful. If they were not obliged to, then it's likely I can wade under the culvert. It isn't the depth of water, but the break caused by the creek, that made the culvert necessary. A plain, short wooden bridge is good enough for the trolley line on the avenue because no great weight comes upon it. It's different with a railroad."

Phil moved over to the bank and flashed a match down it. It looked pretty steep—too steep to slide down with safety, and, once down, the question of getting up again would be a serious one. Phil scratched his head, for the difficulties in the way of reaching the hidden diamonds were rather disconcerting. That wasn't all. Suppose he managed to get around all the obstacles that faced him and then found that there wasn't any loose stone about the culvert, or if there was that the diamonds had been removed by the rascals? After all, he might have come on a wild-goose chase, impelled by the exciting thought of winning the \$10,000 reward. Had he done a sensible thing to put so much faith in the statement of a young man written as he was sinking under the effects of a blow that perhaps was fatal?

Whether or not he had been a fool to come way out to that lonesome spot at that hour of the night, he had done so, and Phil had the pluck and perseverance to see the thing through. He decided to walk back along the bank to see if there was some place where the creek could be reached without risk. This he did, and after going about a dozen yards he found a washout where the bank descended to the creek by an easy route. He pushed his arm down into the water and perceived that the depth at that point was not over a foot. He took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers to his knees and, stepping in, proceeded cautiously toward the culvert. The water did not vary much all the way to the break in the bank formed by the south wing of the culvert. Then it deepened up to his knees. He determined to try the center of the culvert first for the loose stone. He struck a match, counted up to the third layer, and moved along.

He tried each stone, and the third one he found to be loose. His heart thumped with expectation as he found he could easily work it out of its socket. He was surprised at the ease with which it came in his hands, considering its apparent weight. He was still more surprised when he found it was but half a stone—that is, half the size of the other stones. Resting the edge on the corner of the orifice, he shoved in his arm and felt around in the hole. His fingers encountered a small, oblong box. He pulled it out and replaced the stone. Striking a match, he looked at the box. It was a handsome, hand-painted aluminum case, fastened with a small lock, the key of which was missing.

"This contains the stolen diamonds, I'll bet anything," he breathed excitedly. "I've as good as won the reward, after all. I made no mistake in coming out here, after all. This is where my name gets into the papers, and I may get some free advertising out of it."

He dropped the box back into his pocket and started to return to the place where the bank made an easy slope. The cool night air blowing toward him carried with it the voices of men coming toward him by the route he had followed himself. They must be the thieves coming after the diamonds, for no one else would be likely to come that way. It wouldn't be healthy for him to meet them there, especially with the box of diamonds in his possession.

The night and the spot was suitable for a deed of darkness, and if they held him down under the waters of the creek until he drowned, his death would be regarded as having been brought about by his falling into the creek in the darkness. The only way to avoid them was to retreat in the opposite direction, and this he lost no time in doing.

Walking around the northern corner of the culvert, he crossed to the spot where the bank began just as a train, with a rush and a roar, crossed the culvert on its way to the depot in the city. He started along the bank, looking for a place to crawl up to the road above. In some spots he was able to walk along the foot of the bank out of the water, but nowhere did he see where he could mount. He went on for several hundred feet before any encouraging change appeared as far as he was able to make out in the gloom. Digging his naked toes into the earth, and using his fingers like pot hooks, he slowly ascended and finally reached the top of the bank.

"Eureka!" he ejaculated, with great satisfaction, sitting down and putting on his shoes and stockings. "This has been a fine night's work for me. I dare say it will be after two before I get back to my room and into bed, but I can sleep all forenoon to make up for it."

He crossed to the other side of the road and turned his feet toward the trolley tracks on Linden avenue. As he passed along he saw two dark forms rise up the side of the bank a few yards away. Instinctively he dropped to the ground and crouched there. If the pair were the men who had burglarized the Henderson mansion, as he had no doubt they were, he didn't want to encounter them, for of course they had discovered the loss of the diamonds, and in consequence must be in a mighty bad humor. They remained several minutes standing in conversation, and their

voice reached his ears, though he did not hear a word they said. Then they started toward the trolley tracks.

"They're going to take the next car in, so it won't do for me to take it. That will mean a long and dreary wait for the next car, for they only run every half hour," said Phil to himself.

As a matter of fact, the last car, which left the northern terminus of the line at one o'clock, had already passed that point, and no other car bound in to the city would come along till half-past seven next morning, for they started an hour later on Sunday morning than on week days. Phil didn't know this, however. When the men vanished in the darkness Phil followed slowly after. He reached the trolley tracks before he knew he was so close to them, but he saw no sign of the two men hanging around. Presently he heard the sound of wagon wheels, as of a vehicle being driven away, and it soon died away in the distance. That indicated that the two men had come out there in a vehicle, and were going back in it. He was mighty glad to be rid of them. He waited patiently for at least half an hour for a car to come along, but none appeared.

The track in both directions was dark and deserted. Growing impatient, and feeling chilly, he started to walk the track, expecting that the car would overtake him. After covering a mile, with not a car in either direction coming along, he began to have a glimmering of the truth.

"If I've got to walk all the way home it will be some jaunt," he said. "It isn't the mere distance, but the task of doing it in the darkness over a track. Oh, well, I'll come to a sidewalk by and by, and then traveling will be easier."

Putting his mind down to the tramp he swung along at a good pace, but if it had taken him a matter of forty minutes to come out on a fast car, it would take him three times as long at least to get back on foot. However, he was in for it, and he made the best of it. Thoughts of the big reward he was entitled to receive kept him cheerful, and so he rapidly drew in among the streets of the city. He struck a rough sidewalk at last, and soon a better one. He saw by a barroom clock that it was after two. His footsteps were the only sounds that awoke the stillness of the early morning. The only lights he saw was the gas turned low in the saloons along his route, and in an occasional drug store. He was still following Linden avenue, which went straight in to the heart of that section of the city. The first human being he met was a policeman standing in the shadow of a corner. He did not stop to say anything to the officer, for he was in a sweat to reach home and turn in. He had worked like a beaver all day clear up nearly to ten o'clock, which, coupled with his night adventure, pretty well fagged him out.

At last around three he came to the part of the city he was somewhat familiar with, and he turned out of the avenue and followed a side street for several blocks. He turned down another avenue, struck another cross street, and finally reached the widow's house at half-past three. He let himself in with his latch-key, bolted the door and, taking off his shoes, went to his room. Turning on the gas, he took the aluminum box from his pocket and gave it a close inspection.

There was a large Monogram on the top formed of the letters C and H. He shook the box and heard its contents rattle a little. Opening his trunk, he shoved the box down in a corner, relocked it and then went to bed, but in spite of his fatigue it was some time before he got to sleep.

CHAPTER X.—Trouble With the Police.

Phil slept through to noon and then came downstairs to see if he could get anything to eat. As dinner was in preparation and would be ready at one, he contented himself with a cup of coffee, warmed over, and a boiled egg, which the young lady prepared for him. He did not volunteer any information about the events of the night, merely remarking that he was out quite late. He spent the time till dinner reading the Sunday paper. He saw a paragraph about the wounded young man. His name was Harry Rainsford, and he was a reporter on the *Record*.

The hospital authorities said his skull had received a compound fracture from a blow delivered by a heavy weapon of some kind, and that he would not recover. The paper stated that he had been found unconscious on the sidewalk by a boy named Philip Forrester, who was on his way home from his place of business, and by him conveyed to the drugstore, whence he was later removed to the hospital. How he had received the knock-out was a mystery, but it was supposed he had been assaulted by footpads, whose intentions of robbing him had in some way been frustrated. Phil cut the paragraph out of the paper and put it aside to send to Flossie when he wrote to her that evening. After going over his mail next morning and turning the orders and catalogue requests over to his girls, Phil put on his hat and started to call on Henderson, the man whose home had been robbed of the diamonds and other jewelry. The boy had already ascertained that he was a grain broker, and that his offices were in the Board of Trade Building. Reaching the gentleman's office, he asked if he was in, and found that he was, but busy.

"How long before he'll be disengaged?" he asked the office boy.

"Couldn't tell you."

"Do you think it will be half an hour?"

"You might have to wait that long for those two gentlemen over there are waiting to see him."

"Can I write a note and send it in to him? It's a matter of importance."

"Yes."

Phil was provided with a sheet of paper and an envelope, and he wrote the following:

"Mr. Henderson: Dear Sir: I have important news to tell you about the case of diamonds stolen from your house last Monday night. As I am a very busy person, I can't wait around here till you are disengaged. Send me out word when you can see me and I will call again."

"PHILIP FORRESTER."

The office boy carried the note inside, and it brought Henderson in person out to see Phil. The office boy pointed Phil out.

"I am Mr. Henderson. What news have you brought me about the stolen diamonds?"

"What you will be glad to hear. I have the diamonds in my possession, and am ready to hand the case over to you if you will call personally at my office in the Baker Building on West Randolph street. Here is my business card."

The broker was taken by surprise and stared at Phil.

"How did they come into your possession?" he asked, with some suspicion that the boy was acting as the agent of the thieves.

"It is too long a story to tell you now, as you are busy, and I have no time to spare. If you will call at my place of business after four today, I will tell you all the facts, and hand you over your property," said Phil.

"I will be there," said the broker, and Phil returned to his office.

While he was out at lunch, a man called and asked for him. He was directed to wait, and he did so. Phil came in within a few minutes.

"Are you the young man who called at Mr. Henderson's office this morning?" asked the visitor.

"I am," replied Phil.

"You told him that you had come in possession of his stolen diamonds."

"What about it?"

"I am one of the detectives on the case, and I have been sent here to learn all the facts from you."

"Then you have had your journey for nothing. I have an appointment with Mr. Henderson this afternoon, and he is the man I intend to tell the facts to."

"As the representative of the police, I am in the position to insist on you telling me the facts."

"I shall tell the facts only to Mr. Henderson, as he is the person most directly concerned."

"I can arrest you and take you to Police Headquarters."

"You can, but I don't expect you will. I am not a suspicious character, but a reputable young business man. This is my office."

"I have only your word as to your reliability."

"I refer you to the agent of the building, whose office is on this floor. His name is Parker."

"I suppose you are looking for the reward offered for the recovery of the diamonds?"

"Well, as I had a great deal of trouble getting hold of them, and encountered not a little risk, I consider myself entitled to the reward."

"You can furnish me with a clue to the identity of the thieves, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I haven't the least idea who the men are. I saw two men, who I believe were they, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I found the case containing the diamonds, but as it was night, and very dark, I did not catch a sight of their faces."

"You say you found the case of diamonds?"

"Yes."

"By accident?"

"By a fortunate combination of circumstances."

"Aren't you the young man who brought Rainsford, the *Record* reporter, to Johnson's drugstore Saturday night about eleven o'clock?"

"I am."

"You told the druggist that you found him lying unconscious on the sidewalk in front of a pawnshop on — street, two blocks away."

"That's correct."

"Did you see the assault committed?"

"I did not."

"How came you to be passing that way so late?"

"I was obliged to work here until ten o'clock to finish up the mailing of my day's orders. I usually pass up that street on my way to where I live, as it saves me some blocks' walk. I was going home when I saw the young man's body lying in my path."

"After taking Rainsford to the drugstore, why didn't you report the case to the police?"

"The druggist told me that the matter would be duly reported."

"Your connection with the case of the reporter draws the attention of the police to you, and as the assault is a mystery you will have to come with me to Headquarters and submit to further questioning."

"My presence at Police Headquarters would lead to no useful purpose, as I know nothing more about the matter than I have told you, and which I previously explained to the druggist. I simply found the young man unconscious where he had been left or thrown by the person who knocked him out. I might have left him lying there and gone on about my business, but I considered it a Christian act under the circumstances to carry him to the drugstore, where I thought he might be brought to his senses. I could not tell how badly hurt he was," said Phil.

"That's all very well, but taken in connection with your statement that you accidentally discovered and came into possession of the stolen diamonds, presumed about the same time, the facts of which you decline to reveal, leads to the conclusion that there is a connection between the two incidents. At any rate, you've got to come to Headquarters, where the matter will be gone into. Put on your hat."

Phil saw he had to go, so he gave his head girl instructions concerning the afternoon mail in case he was not back in time to attend to it, and went with the detective. He was taken to Headquarters, and the inspector in charge took him in hand. He was subjected to a sharp examination, but declined making any statement with regard to the diamonds until after he had seen Mr. Henderson.

"Now, look here, young man, I have learned from the city editor of the *Record* that Reporter Rainsford was out on the diamond robbery case in the interest of that paper. It is quite possible that in the course of his investigations he learned where the diamonds were. It is also possible that he got possession of them himself, was caught in the act by the crooks, followed and assaulted, and that you turned up in time to interfere with their efforts to recover their booty. In place, therefore, of the thieves getting the diamonds away from Rainsford, you got them, and, knowing that a large reward was offered for their recovery by Mr. Henderson, you are holding out to get it. Come now, admit such is the fact."

"I shall make no such admission, for it isn't the fact. I did not find the case of diamonds on

Rainsford, nor within several miles of the spot where I found him," answered Phil.

The inspector, however, continued to bullyrag Phil in an effort to make him tell all the facts, but could get nothing from him.

"Then I shall arrest you and have you locked up," said the inspector.

"On what charge?" said the boy.

"Having in your possession the stolen diamonds."

"I can't help that, though I protest against the outrage."

The inspector carried out his threat, and Phil was escorted to a cell and locked in as though he were a common malefactor. He asked permission to send a note to a friend.

"You can do so if you pay for the trouble," said a policeman.

He handed the officer \$5 and told him to take the note he wrote to the manager of the Novelty agency in Chicago. That gentleman responded and was allowed to see the boy.

"What's the trouble?" he asked Phil.

Phil told him what was the trouble and asked him to call in Broker Henderson and have him interfere in his behalf. The manager reached the broker's office just as he was about to start for Phil's place of business. He told him what he had learned from Phil. They both went directly to Police Headquarters, and Henderson requested that the boy be released. The inspector declined to release Phil, saying that he would be brought into court in the morning. Henderson, after an interview with Phil, called on a judge he was well acquainted with and secured an order directing the police to release the boy, Henderson promising to be responsible for his appearance if wanted in court.

This order was served on the inspector, who, much against his will, was forced to let Phil out. He reminded the boy that he was still under arrest, and would be required to appear in court in the morning. Phil and Henderson then went to the Baker Building, where the boy told the broker all the facts in connection with the finding of the diamonds, and returned the aluminum case to him. The broker said he was satisfied that his conduct in the matter was perfectly legitimate, and that he was entitled to the reward which he had offered.

He thereupon handed Phil the check for the \$10,000 which he had brought with him. Phil thanked him, told him how useful such a sum would be to him in pushing his business to the limit, and let him into a few of the facts connected with the cause of his leaving home. The broker came to the conclusion that he was a smart boy, who was bound to reach the top before long, and then shaking him by the hand, left with the diamonds in his pocket.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

That evening Phil called at the home of the Bakers, and told mother and daughter of the trouble he was in with the police in connection with the Henderson diamond robbery. He show-

ed them the \$10,000 check he had received from Mr. Henderson, and they congratulated him on winning it.

"Have you got to appear in court in the morning?" asked Mrs. Baker.

"I shall be obliged to go there. I hope to be discharged by the magistrate."

"You must have a lawyer to help you out. I will have my legal adviser meet you at the court and look after your interests, and I will be there myself," said Mrs. Baker.

Next morning Mr. Henderson was present with Phil in court. Mrs. Baker, her daughter and a lawyer were there, too. Phil was introduced to the lawyer, and that gentleman learned from him facts that the boy was up against. When Phil was called before the magistrate he found he was not charged with having the stolen diamonds in his possession, but was held merely on suspicion of knowing more about the assault on Reporter Rainsford, who was dead, than he was inclined to reveal. He told the magistrate that it was quite true he had refused to tell all the facts to the police the afternoon previous, but he was prepared now to give out his story. The magistrate said he would listen to him. Phil then told everything without reservation. Mrs. Baker's lawyer then asked for his discharge from custody. The police having no ground to oppose his request, the magistrate discharged him, and he left the court with his friends. His story appeared in all the afternoon papers, and he was given credit for accomplishing what the detectives had failed to do.

Phil cashed Henderson's check, repaid Mrs. Baker her loan of \$500, paid up his back rent, and then went to the *Record* office to get the address of the dead reporter. He got an audience with the city editor.

"So you're the young man who profited by the hard luck of our reporter," said the editor. "Don't you think it would be a graceful thing on your part to present the young man's mother with a slice of that reward. He would have won it had he not been stricken down, and our paper would have secured a news 'beat.'"

"I intend to divide the reward with Rainsford's people, that is why I called on you for his address," said Phil. "I think they are entitled to it, for the young fellow lost his life in an effort to win the reward as well as to serve his paper."

"Then you intend to give his mother half of the reward, do you?" said the editor.

"I do, unless he is married, in which case his wife——"

"He was not married. He is survived by a mother and sister. Here is where they live."

"The body is at the house, I suppose?"

"It is. Some of the boys were up there last night, and the rest of them will probably take a look in this afternoon before they come to the office. The funeral will take place to-morrow."

"I think I had better wait until after the funeral, for his mother is hardly in a condition to look after the money," said Phil.

The editor agreed with him and he left. With a fresh backing of \$4,500 in his business Phil's first move was to see about getting his adver-

tisement in certain papers of a million circulation, the rates of which were high. One of them, for instance, charged \$6 a line, but its advertisers found that it paid them. Phil contracted for four lines every other week for three months. This additional advertising in six new papers cost him \$100 a week, and he hoped for great results from it.

It was his trump card in the advertising line. On the day succeeding Rainsford's funeral he called at the young man's late home and was received by his sister, who looked very sad and depressed.

"You wish to see my mother? I don't know whether she is able to see visitors. My brother's unexpected death was a terrible shock to us. We are still stunned by it. You were a friend of Harry's, I suppose?"

"No; I am the person who found him unconscious on the sidewalk and carried him to the drugstore. I did not know he was fatally injured. You needn't call your mother. I will transact my business with you. When I found your brother I took this piece of paper out of his hand. I will give it to you, for it contains the last words he ever wrote."

Miss Rainsford burst into tears as she took it. Phil waited till she grew composed again.

"Read it," he said. "It refers to the Henderson diamond robbery, and shows that your brother had discovered where the diamonds had been secreted by the thieves. Had he not been stricken down, he would probably have gone to the spot and found them. That would have entitled him to the reward of \$10,000 offered by Broker Henderson for their recovery. After the assault, as he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness, he wrote the clue on the paper for the police to profit by. It happened I came before the police and I made use of the clue, found the diamonds, and got the reward. But, though I took the risk of going for them in the dead of night to the lonesome spot indicated, still I think that Rainsford's relatives are entitled to share the reward with me, for but for the clue he furnished with his dying hand I would not have known where to look for the diamonds, and therefore I would not have had a hand in the affair. So under these considerations I have brought to his mother half of the reward, or \$5,000, which I take great pleasure in handing you for her, as hers by right."

Thus speaking, Phil handed the young lady a roll of bills. He then told the girl the particulars of his midnight adventure in quest of the diamonds, and she could not but confess that he was a boy of grit. Before he left he saw Mrs. Rainsford, who thanked him for his generous action.

The addition of the \$5,000 to his capital was the turning point in Phil's business. His mail grew larger day by day, and when the sixth month came around he had six girls working for him, and had changed his quarters to double the space on the floor above. He extended his line of novelties, and also his line of cheap handbooks and sheet music. He found it necessary to get out an individual catalogue of all his side lines which he mailed in connection with his novelty catalogue furnished by the company in his native burg.

The day preceding Christmas, leaving his business in charge of the first girl he hired, who now acted as his chief assistant at three times the wages she first got, he ran down to his home to see how he would be received there, and also to get a look at Flossie. He called at the cottage first, to give his little girl the handsome present he had brought her, and to return her father his loan of \$1,000.

She was expecting him, and was as happy as a little queen to find herself clasped in his arms once more. After shaking hands with Caleb Drew, and telling him something about his business success in Chicago, he drove over to Forrest Lodge. On his arrival he found the house in a state of great excitement over the sudden death of Mrs. Forrester from heart failure, brought on through a scene with her son, the cause of which never became known.

When Phil appeared the doctor had just announced that the lady was dead some time before he reached the Lodge. Phil hurried over to the Novelty factory and telephoned to his father. Mr. Forrester lost no time in getting home, and was overcome when he learned the truth. In his sorrow he gladly welcomed the presence of his own dear boy, and Phil remained at the Lodge till after the funeral, directing things at his office in Chicago by telegraph, and relying on his assistant to push the business along, which she did, for she was a smart girl.

He spent as much time as possible with Flossie, whom he brought to the Lodge and introduced to his father as his wife-to-be. Mr. Forrester took to her right away and gave his approval to the match. When Phil got back to Chicago he found things humming and had to hire two more girls. It increased month by month, and Phil had to enlarge his quarters, securing four rooms together on the first of May in the Baker Building.

There is little more to be said now that Phil had become a success, for this story aimed only to show how he got in business for himself and then worked it up to a paying basis. On his twenty-first birthday he married Flossie and brought her to live in Chicago, and with her came her grandfather, who could not live without her.

In time she would come into over \$100,000, and Phil himself was good for \$75,000 when his father died, but all this good fortune had no special interest for him, for he was now making money hand over fist in business for himself.

Next week's issue will contain "CHARLIE OF THE CURB; or, BEATING THE MINING BROKERS."

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

Mrs. Jinks—Well, Willie, how's your ma this morning? Willie—She ain't very well, ma'am. She has an adulterated tooth, and it just keeps her howling. He meant ulcerated, but it ached just the same.

CURRENT NEWS

SECRET HOARD REVEALED

When Auctioneer W. H. Rhoads of Pottstown, Pa., was selling an old stand the other day at public sale he was bid 10 cents. He held it up to induce more spirited and liberal bidding, and a secret drawer became opened. Fifty dollars in gold and a check for \$5, indorsed but never cashed, dropped out. The owner himself said that he never knew there was money in the stand. The check had been drawn and indorsed about fifty years ago and is still good, the interest, of course, not being collectible.

BIBLE BEST SELLER

The "best seller" of all books in the anthracite region still is the Bible, speakers declared at the seventieth annual meeting of the Schuylkill County Bible Society the other day.

The Bible is more popular than ever before, and hundreds of miners take pocket copies with them to the mines to read in spare moments when far under ground.

In this cosmopolitan county the Bible is circulated in thirty-eight foreign languages. A new plan has been adopted for Americanizing foreigners by printing the Bible in foreign languages in one column and in English in the other, so that all foreigners will learn to read the English version. The intensely interesting history of the local society, since it was organized in 1852, was read by Mrs. Louise P. Carter, the treasurer.

CARPENTER BEE SKILLFUL AT TASK

An interesting creature is the carpenter bee, whose scientific name is *Xylocopa*. This little animal possesses the ferocious look of the bumblebee, but, it seems, does not sting, as does that *bête noir* of the small boy in the country.

The carpenter bee bears a patch on its forehead whereby it may be distinguished from the bumblebee. This creature has a liking for pal-ing fences and porches. As a general thing, it begins its carpentering work on the underside of a bit of timber, so that the rain cannot enter its house when completed.

This industrious insect does not follow the line of least resistance which might lead it to soft or decaying timbers. It invariably selects a firm joist and begins on this to bore a hole. The implements are, of course, the capable jaws of the bee, and the job is a hard and tedious one. Most of the work is done by the female bee, because the house is built so that she may have a place to lay her eggs and hatch her young.

When the hole has been dug to the proper depth and an egg is laid, she covers it with a wall of mud or clay. Then she lays another egg and partitions this off. In good time her labors are finished. Then the heat of summer hatches out the little bees and they dig their way to the outside.

The carpenter bee is said to be one of the most remarkable examples of patience and industry in the insect world. The only fault is that she does not store honey.

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Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Newcastle glared, silently, as he meditated. "That's about right. I'll let you men down easy, if you get them again. Now, on with your horses, and take the back roads, and cover every track. I'll give a barrel of good moonshine to the man who lands him, dead or alive!"

There was a scurrying for the barn, and the cut bridles were fixed, and the greater number of men were soon speeding along, knowing the roads very well, even in the darkness.

Newcastle ordered some food, little suspecting that the old woman who prepared it had been so influential in letting his prey escape him.

But she chuckled to herself more than once on the sly.

Tom Dingle had befriended her, and she had squared an old account with the tyrant, without his knowing it. Which was quite a nice thing to contemplate, as she rattled the dishes later in her little back kitchen, and listened to the heavy treading back and forth as the moonshine leader planned new guile against Dan Dobson and the judge.

"They shan't get out of my reach!" thought Newcastle. "If I can get my men to capture that girl, I'll dictate my own terms."

And he pondered and planned for many hours over schemes whose workings we shall learn before long. Newcastle would have been a great general or a commander of any big enterprise—it was a pity that his brains were so ill-directed. But it was too late for him to plan anything but evil, now!

By early morning he sank into a fitful slumber, with his brawny form stretched out on a cot in the lower room.

And about the same time, just as it was getting dawn, Tom, Dick and Zachary had come to an obstacle in their progress back to the home trail which seemed unsurmountable.

The Green Run river, as it was called, was overflowing its banks. Freshets in the high ground had made this usually fordable stream a raging flood, and the three were dismayed.

"Gol-ding it!" muttered Zachary. "We air up ag'in a bad proposition, and we've got to act right sartin and right peart, or we'll all be back in the hands of Newcastle!"

"What do you mean?" asked Dan. "It will be easy enough for us to ride along shore to a place where it is not so deep, or at least not so wide, and then swim our horses over, won't it?"

"My boy, ye're not as familiar with the situa-

tion as I dun give ye credit fer," said the elder man. "When these waters is up, they don't leave no bank."

"Oh! You mean they spread above the shore, and go along through the brush and small trees."

Zachary nodded.

"Kyrect! Thar ain't no man yet who kin ride through the growth of willows and little trees along these bottom lands here on horseback. And we've got to go back on our trail. That means gittin' ketched by them scoundrels."

"Do you think they are apt to find out which way we have come now?"

Zachary nodded.

"Yep, sartin. They ain't very many roads through the thick woods of a mountain district, anyway. They'll find us."

"Then, I'll tell you what let's do!" exclaimed Tom. "I've heard of the settlers in the West doing this when they were caught in a flood."

"What?"

"Let's get some logs together and build a raft, if only a small one. We can then start out into the water, and have the horses' heads up close to it, so that they'll get some support by being bridled to it—which would ease up the strain of that long swim to the other side of the river."

Zachary took another chew.

"By Jiminy, ye've got a good scheme," he muttered. "But we'll have to hustle, boys."

They looked along the roadway, and found several good-sized logs which had lain there for many a year—since the road had been cut through, in fact.

The trail-makers had chopped down some good-sized timber, and cut some of it up to use as firewood and to open the stretch to the ford.

This was a fortunate thing for the trio.

Using the rope which Tom Dingle had brought along on his saddle-horn, they lashed several of the logs together, and after tugging and pulling, they managed to get them into the water.

"Now, we're ready," said Dan; "you two get around and start off."

The horses were handy, and Dan was going to lead them into the water, and then throw the reins across the logs, where one of the trio would catch them, and support himself with swimming, and a light grip on the logs.

This plan would enable them to keep the animals close together and give them some support in case of exhaustion. The other two would swim alongside this small but serviceable raft, holding on either side, and work it gradually out into the turning eddies of the current which would take them by the river's curve toward the other shore.

Just as they were about ready to start off, they heard a clatter of hoofs.

It was faint, but it was unmistakable.

"They're after us, all right, pardners," declared Tom Dingle, grimly. "We kin die fightin'!"

"Nothing of the sort," cried Dan Dobson. "I've got a revolver, and I'll take a chance, if you two will help."

(To be continued.)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

NOVEL OF 100,000 WORDS WILL GO IN VEST POCKET

A novel of 100,000 words will fit into your vest pocket when Rear Admiral Gradley A. Fiske perfects his new Fiske reading machine, designed to reduce volumes of print to tabloid.

The Admiral, who devised the Fiske range finder, an engine for controlling vessels by radio and other marine contraptions, describes his reading machine—perhaps the greatest of all his boons for sailors—as a narrow strip of aluminum ridden by a small magnifying glass. Ribbons of paper, printed with letters reduced by means of photo-engraving to a space one one-hundredth the size of the original letters, slide under the lens and before the eye. One can carry a full novel of 100,000 words in five of these little paper ribbon rolls.

USE OF RHODES GRASS SPEEDING IN TEXAS

Experiments in growing Rhodes grass, which were started in the Lower Rio Grande Valley a few years ago, proved so highly successful there that the new grass is to be introduced in this section on a large scale.

S. M. Nixon of Robstown, Tex., has placed an order in Australia for 500 pounds of Rhodes grass seed. This quantity will be sufficient to plant 700 acres of land, it is stated.

This grass came originally from Africa. It is found to be ideally adapted to South Texas, where it may be grown both winter and summer. As pasturage for dairy cows it has no equal, it is asserted.

It has been demonstrated that one acre of Rhodes grass is equal to twelve acres of ordinary native grasses for pasturage purposes. It also yields enormous crops of hay.

SEEDS FOR BRITISH TREES GATHERED IN THE NORTHWEST

The first shipment of Northwest forest seeds for the immediate reforestation of Great Britain has left for the old country.

It consists of 1,500 pounds of Douglas fir seeds and the same quantity of Sitka spruce seeds. The seeds go to the forest nursery at Wylie, Scotland.

The work of collecting the seeds and selecting only the choice has been going on all winter. A wide range of woods was covered by seed harvesters while many worked in Southeastern Alaska for the seeds of beautiful Sitka spruce.

The best seeds were those found in squirrel caches, but only a few cones were taken from each cache because of the danger of destroying the real American forester. Many of the seeds buried by squirrels grow up into trees.

MUSICAL POWER IN NORTHWEST TIMBER

The familiar forest trees of the Northwest contain a marvelous musical power, for a big con-

tract has just been received by local mills at Port Angeles, Wash., for two million feet of spruce planking, to be used for piano sounding boards. No substitute for this material, provided the wood is cut from large trees, has been found.

The quality of spruce wood for pianos and other music wood appliances is the long, straight, regular fibers of which these trees are composed. A microscopic examination reveals that the minute cells forming the wood are extremely long, and each is stretched like a taut string. When a piece of spruce is struck there is room between these cells for a tiny vibration, which rapidly extends through the whole section of timber. The cellular composition of spruce gives the rich, deep tones so pleasing to musicians.

The singing of a tightly stretched telegraph wire across an open field in autumn wind, induced a phonograph manufacturer to try cedar wood for the sounding box. As a result of this experiment, a million feet of red and white cedar is annually taken from Northwest forests for these music boxes.

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A Prisoner of War

By HORACE APPLETON

Those who were confined in besieged Paris during the great Franco-Prussian war will never forget the sufferings and horrors of that experience.

Among the besieged were not a few of other nations who as non-combatants should have been accorded a safe pass beyond the Prussian lines.

But Kaiser Fritz was strict in his commands concerning the leaving of Paris by any of its inhabitants, and unless the guard was thoroughly satisfied, all applicants for a free pass beyond the lines were refused.

In this way much injustice was done, and many innocent people made to suffer.

But the methods of war are necessarily cruel, and there would seem to be little chance of alleviation. When men fight to the death some innocent ones are sure to suffer.

Among the unfortunate sufferers in this respect was a young New Yorker named Julian Mart. There was no doubt of Julian's Americanism, but his name was somewhat of the French type, his features dark, and he had something of the Parisian style, so without regard to his excellent English language, the German Provost Guard sent him back with a troop of others.

Affairs in the beleaguered city were in a most deplorable state.

Reduced to the utmost, the frantic populace were confronted with the alternative of death by starvation, or a humiliating capitulation.

The latter seemed very remote, for the military commander was firm. Hundreds were dying daily for want of food.

Julian Mart was much incensed and disgusted when he was returned by the guard.

"All right," he muttered resolutely. "We will see, my fine fellows, how long I shall submit to this outrage. I don't intend to feast on stewed rats and garbage, not if I can help it."

Ingenious Yankee that he was, Julian was not long in hitting upon a plan of escape. Matters were hourly growing worse in the French capital, and there seemed no immediate chance of betterment.

The city gates were closed and the walls patrolled by armed soldiers. It was not so difficult to pass these as to get through the German lines which encircled the beleaguered city.

It was partly accident which enabled Julian to immediately proceed to carry out his purpose. He had made the acquaintance of a young French officer who was in command at one of the gates. One day, as he was making his way through a side street, Julian met this officer and saluted him.

But at that instant an object rushed through the air and fell at the Parisian's feet. It was a German shell, and before he could move hand or foot it exploded.

The young officer was instantly killed, and lay in a heap on the pavement. Horrified, Julian sprang forward and bent down over him. It required but an instant examination to disclose the fact that he was dead.

"Poor chap!" muttered Julian, regretfully, "that's too bad."

But his gaze encountered an object which had fallen from the dead officer's pocket. It was a package of papers.

Julian picked them up and glanced at the superscription on the first one. He gave a violent start.

He saw that it was a written pass signed by the French commandant to enable the bearer to go anywhere through the lines. Julian's heart gave a leap.

He glanced about him instinctively. Not a person was in sight.

"The man is dead," he muttered. "This will be of more use to me than anybody else. It will do no harm to take it."

He thrust the papers into his pocket and started away at a rapid pace. Not until he was safe in his lodgings did he draw a deep breath of relief.

He drew out the pass and read it.

"Good!" he muttered, joyfully. "I will trust to luck to get through the German lines."

It was early in the evening, and he sauntered down to the French guard, and saluted a fiery little corporal, at the same time saying in good French:

"I have business beyond the lines. Secret work, you understand."

"Sacre! I do not see," retorted the corporal. "Where is your pass?"

"Here!"

With beating heart and a strange sense of fear Julian submitted the pass to the corporal. The latter bent over it, frowned, and finally cried:

"Monsieur, this is right, but—what is your business outside? Ah, pardon, monsieur, I understand. A spy! Luck be with you. Bon jour!"

With a sweeping bow the corporal returned the pass to Julian. The latter's heart gave a wild leap. The point had been carried and he won.

He saluted the guard respectfully, and with firm step but tingling veins passed on. A few minutes later he was beyond the city walls.

Darkness had settled down thick and fast. Julian made his way rapidly along a road leading out into the country. He passed camps of French soldiers resting on their arms, met troops of cavalry, and once stumbled upon a battery which was engaged in a desultory way in shelling the Germans.

Several times he was challenged and compelled to show his pass. In each case he was regarded as a spy and suffered to go on his way.

"Soon, however, Julian left the French lines far behind him. The French picket was next passed, and he knew that he had now before him a new and greater peril.

The French passport was now of no further use to him, yet he foolishly neglected to throw it away. This folly cost him dearly later on.

Upon a long ridge in the distance he saw the glimmer of lights, and knew that they came from the German lines. But there was quite a stretch of country between made desolate by the artillery of the two armies.

Roving bands of cavalymen and foragers

swept through this region, and many a fine chateau lay in ashes, and its fine gardens were trampled and ruined.

As he pressed on bravely, Julian became more deeply impressed with the perils of his undertaking.

Once a squad of cavalry dashed past him while he sought hiding in a hedge. Several times he narrowly avoided meeting detachments of the Prussian soldiery.

To be captured by these he knew meant serious consequences. There was no doubt but that he would be arrested and sent back to the French capital, or held as a prisoner of war. Julian would almost as soon have accepted the alternative of death.

As he crept on in the darkness, every moment drawing nearer to the Prussian picket lines, his fears increased. Suddenly turning an angle in the highway, he came to a halt.

Ahead in the darkness he saw lights shining through the latticed windows of a small dwelling. Evidently this had been turned into an inn, or rather grog-shop, for the sound of boisterous laughter and the click of glasses, mingled with a burst of song, came to his hearing.

Julian suddenly became possessed of a morbid curiosity to know what manner of individuals were holding carnival in the place. If any of the guard were there it might enable him to steal a march upon them while they were thus in carousal.

Accordingly he crept up in the gloom to a small latticed window. It was necessary for him to stand upon a small leap of lumber piled close to the building to enable him to see the interior. Then a strange sight rewarded his gaze.

Three German guardsmen were seated at a rough wooden table over a pot of beer. One of them with patches of courtplaster upon his scarred face was smoking a long pipe.

The laughter and song had not come from them, but from the boisterous occupants of another room. These men were engaged in low-toned and mysterious conversation.

Julian saw at a glance that they were discussing a matter of some secret sort. This did not interest him, however, and he was about to turn away when a startling thing occurred.

Suddenly he heard a sound in his rear and strong hands seized his ankles. A loud voice shouted:

"Treachery! A spy! A spy! Open the window, guards!"

All in an instant and almost before Julian could in the slightest measure recover from his surprise the three guardsmen sprang up from the table, overturning chairs and threw open the lattice of the window disclosing the white face of Julian Mart.

Guttural cries escaped their lips, and two of the Prussians seized Julian by the shoulders and literally pulled him through the window into the room.

"A spy!" they cried, excitedly. "Call the corporal's guard. Take him to headquarters."

What followed was to Julian all like a confused unreal dream. He was roughly dragged from the inn and placed in a lumbering cart with guards upon either side.

Soon the campfires of the Prussian soldiery were upon either hand. Then the cart halted before a long, stone building.

At the door of this paced armed guards. Julian was hustled through the guard line and found himself in a long low-ceiled room, with a score of other prisoners, all of French nationality. Here he was left to his own device with a mingled sense of dismay and despair.

He had not been long in the place when one of the prisoners advanced and addressed him in French:

"What are you here for? Are you also a spy?"

"A spy!" exclaimed Julian, hollowly. "No, I am an American citizen striving to find my way out of Paris and its environs. This is an outrage."

"Heavens! Why do you not send complaint to the provost marshal? You will escape. We are spies and shall all be shot to-morrow."

Julian listened with a thrill of horror to this declaration.

"Indeed, I am sorry for you," he declared.

With difficulty and only after a liberal fee of a few francs, Julian got the ear of the guard at the door. A message was sent to the provost marshal. But no reply came back.

Anxiously waiting, Julian was too excited and fearful to indulge in sleep. Morning came at last, and then a rank and file of soldiers entered at the beat of the drum.

The condemned spies were all compelled to fall into line, Julian with the others. Despairingly Julian bolted from the ranks and rushed up to the provost marshal, or at least a man whom he had singled out as that individual.

"You have no right to execute me," he cried, forcibly. "I am an American citizen. The laws of neutrality protect me."

The tall Prussian officer regarded Julian penetratingly, and then drew from his pocket some papers, among them the fatal pass which the guardsmen had taken from Julian's pocket when arrested.

"Your case has been considered," he declared in good French. "You may be an American, but these papers prove you a spy."

The condemned men were led out into a broad field. A file of soldiers at twenty paces stood ready to fire when the word should be given.

"All in a line the doomed men stood. Some were brave and stolid. Others were white and trembling. Julian gave up all hope in that moment when the word came:

"Ready! Aim!"

There was a sharp cry, a ringing word of command, and a tall, handsome young lieutenant of hussars stood before Julian.

"Julian Mart!" he cried. "What is this?"

"Frederick Weiss!" gasped Julian.

In an instant they embraced. The young officer, three years previous, was his chum in the medical school at Berlin. Julian Mart was not shot as a spy that day, and returned safely to his American home. But he owned that escape was as narrow as any ever placed on record.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

FORD NOW A RAT KILLER

Connecticut's modern Pied Piper is Harry Mitchell of Wallingford. He was overrun with rats in his garage, and cats failed to rout them.

Mitchell got some garden hose, backed the car up to a rat hole, attached the hose to the exhaust and cranked up. After ten minutes the hole was dug open. Twelve rats had been gassed. The operation was repeated at other rat holes and all the rodents have succumbed.

PLAYFUL HORSE RACES TRAIN

A horse that broke out of the barn of Charles Rolfe, Newburyport, Mass., early one morning headed for the Boston and Maine Railroad and reached the tracks just as a Boston-bound freight train rounded a curve. The playful horse galloped over two openwork bridges crossing the Parker River and several culverts, keeping ahead of the train for about three miles. When the town of Rowley was reached the horse left the tracks and surrendered to a farmer.

JAPANESE GARDENER PRODUCES NEW LILY

A new lily of mammoth size and marvelous fragrance has been developed by a Japanese gardener here and the bulbs are now in the Northwest markets.

It is named the "Isoshima," the first part being for its originator, the after word meaning elegant. The bulb itself is six inches in diameter and produces spikes of eight to twenty blossoms, each flower of lily nine inches across the bell. The color is creamy white with golden stains. There is an acre of the new lilies this fall on the experimental bulb farm near Lynden. The new flower is very hardy, and when buried ten inches deep in loose ground is best content. Iso declares he has worked for ten years trying to develop a lily of gigantic size and did it entirely by elimination of weaker bulbs and growing the stronger with care.

STRANGEST OF ALL CLUB ROOMS ON STEAMER

When sailors of the North Asiatic steamship Rampan find the night sea air too chilly they retire into the vessel's capacious funnel, light their pipes and warm themselves in the most unique clubroom afloat.

If the smokestack becomes over-warm they open a door in its side; if they desire their laundry dried they pack it into the draft tube and the scheme works like a charm.

The Rampan was converted from a steamer during the war into a motorship with 1,800 horse power Diesel engines. The smokestack, however, was not disturbed, but instead fitted with floors on each deck and the top roofed over.

The ship has a steam donkey lifting engine whose smokestack passes up through the funnel, furnishing the warmth for the comfort of the lounging sailors.

LAUGHS

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between a political job and any other job? Paw—You have to work hard to get a political job, my son, and you have to work hard to hold the other kind.

"What's become of the strong man?" asked the proprietor of the circus. "He resigned," replied the manager. "Got a better position." "What doing?" "Working as a parcel post mail man."

"Yes, my friend, I was about to marry the countess when I suddenly learned that she spent more than \$12,000 a year on her dressmaker." "Then what did you do?" "Married the dressmaker."

"It is always well to humor women," says Noah Count, of Claggerbite. "I let my wife think she knows more about running a furnace than I do, and as a result I haven't been in my own cellar in five years."

"How old is your little brother?" inquired Willie. "He's a year old," replied Tommy. "Huh! I've got a dog a year old, and he can walk twice as well as your brother." "That's nothing. Your dog's got twice as many legs."

First Tramp—Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true. Second Tramp—Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long trousers. Now, I guess I wear them longer than almost anybody in the country.

"My father and I know everything in the world," boasted a small boy to his boon companions. "All right," answered the latter. "Where is Asia?" Then the first speaker proved himself a true if budding diplomat. "That is one of the questions that my father knows."

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FROM ALL POINTS

VANITY CASE A WEAPON

A woman's vanity case earned its right to be classed as a weapon of defense when dexterous use of one by Miss Millie Congdon of Stockton, Cal., caused a bandit to shoot himself in the leg.

The bandit, Frank Lynons, attempted to hold up Miss Congdon and Edward Esplen, with whom she was riding in an automobile. Lynons and another bandit boarded the machine when a tire blew out. Esplen was ordered to drive to a secluded spot.

Miss Congdon beat off the second robber, standing on the running board, with her vanity case. She then brought it down on the wrist of Lynons, who pointed his pistol at her. The weapon was discharged and the bullet entered his leg. He was overpowered by Esplen.

BLUE CATERPILLARS

Dr. John H. Gerould, professor of zoology at Dartmouth College, N. H., has reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the discovery of the first blue caterpillar known to biology, it has been learned.

Dr. Gerould was breeding butterflies in his laboratory in Hanover, when one day he found the blue stranger. Ordinarily caterpillars, feeding on plants, are green.

The next day more blue visitors appeared. Breeding them, Dr. Gerould found they bred true and he decided that they were what is known to biologists as a "sport." In this case the "sport" was caused by a mutation in the digestive system, which resulted in cells absorbing only the blue in the chlorophyll of the plants.

ROCKS FALL FROM SKY

Showers of rocks that fell "from the clouds" on a warehouse at Chico, Cal., have baffled the police, neighbors and various official and unofficial investigators.

Recently J. R. Charge, owner of the warehouse, posted the offer of a reward of \$200 to the person revealing the source of the rocks.

While the town marshal and a committee of newspaper men and others were examining the corrugated iron roof recently a shower of large smooth rocks fell, sending the investigators scurrying for cover.

Others standing on the street at the time declared, the rocks seemed to come straight from the clouds.

FISH RID GUAYAQUIL OF MOSQUITOES

By placing fish in the water tanks, discerns, barrels, etc., at Guayaquil, 30,000 of the water receptacles were freed from the larvae of mosquitoes in a very short time and with very little expense, writes Dr. M. E. Connor in the *Gaceta Medica* (Mexico). The *stegomyia* might be called almost a domestic mosquito, he says, as it breeds in or near human dwellings, scarcely ever in marshes. Experiments with top marnows showed that they eat the larvae only when the

water is free from organic matter, which they prefer to the larvae.

The fish used are a species called chalaco. These are placed in the well, the conditions of which are like those in the streams from which they were taken. After a few days they are transferred to a second well of the city water, and no further food is given them. One or more of the fishes is placed in each tank, regardless of the presence or absence of larvae in the water at the time. The press and the sanitary inspectors have educated the public to protect the fish, and many families still have the same fish that was given them about eighteen months ago when the anti-mosquito campaign began. The value of the chalaco is evident from the fact that the *stegomyia* mosquitoes have been reduced to less than 2 per cent., which presages the approaching extinction of this species.

SQUIRRELS HELP U. S. FORESTRY AGENTS

The energetic pine squirrel is one of the greatest aids to Uncle Sam in his reforesting work in the Northwest. Taking advantage of the immense store of pine cones the squirrel hordes away each fall, the best seed is selected.

Squirrels usually save four or five times as much food as they need in winter, so they do not hunger. At the foot of nearly every large fir or pine the forestry agent pokes around until he discovers a peck or two of large cones, neatly buried, all filled with the finest seed, weighed in the tiny paws of the knowing rodent. By climbing trees and picking the cones by hand is another method of keeping up the supply. Men, women and boys gather cones near the Wind River Nursery until the 700 to 1,000 pounds necessary to plant the annual plants are secured.

After collecting the cones are exposed to a temperature of 110 degrees for three days until they open and the seeds easily rattle out. The open cones are placed in cylinder shakers of screen, the seeds falling through into a hamper. Then they go through a rubbing process to remove the wings. In a few days they are planted in long beds three feet wide.

Millions of trees are planted annually by the forest service and the nursery at Wind River supplies from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 seedlings. To date there are 20,000 acres in Oregon and 17,000 acres in Washington reset to young trees, the oldest of which is ten years old. All the trees are rapidly forming good timber. When forty years old the trees are suitable for telegraph poles, railroad ties or mine timbers. At 100 years they will produce commercial lumber. White pine, Douglas fir, Noble fir and red fir are the species largely planted. In all burnt over and logged off tracts volunteer growth of cedar, hemlock and spruce springs up and if in the replanted land are left, forming dense growth of natural forests.

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A FEW GOOD ITEMS

WORK TO GET GOLD FROM SUNKEN GALLEON

The search for treasure supposed to be contained in the wreck of the Armada galleon sunk in Tobermory Bay, on the coast of Scotland, has been renewed. This time suction pumps are being used. A new company has been formed and is working with the greatest enthusiasm, causing a revival of the old argument, whether there ever was any treasure worth the search, with reiteration of the general opinion among naval students that there never was and never will be. The ship particularly being hunted for is the San Juan Baptista.

The present company is the fiftieth that has been organized for this purpose. The value of the treasure recovered by the forty-nine other expeditions amounted collectively to about \$1,000, while many thousands have been spent. Diligent search of the records of England and Spain have failed to verify the story of the great treasure that was lost.

It is believed the real treasure was carried aboard one of the ships that regained Spain, and that the coins of gold and silver pieces already recovered might have been taken from any ship in the fleet—the property of officers. But still the search goes forward.

LOUISIANA LEADS IN STRAWBERRIES

Louisiana leads the United States in the value of its yield of strawberries with an output of 14,000 carloads, which were marketed in seventy-four different cities in 1921. In practically the entire marketing season Louisiana's strawberries sold at a higher price than any other berries, due to the quality of the product, according to a survey of the industry by the Department of Agriculture, which adds that in Chicago twenty-four-pint crates brought as much as \$6.50 each.

It is pointed out that Louisiana's strawberry industry is of national importance, it having a nation-wide distribution, the carload shipments spreading out like a fan from the Atlantic Coast to the Rocky Mountains. Last year twenty-nine carloads also went to four cities in Canada. Chicago, however, is the principal market for the fruit; Detroit, Boston, Pittsburg and New York ranking next in the order given. Heat, cold and distance, obstacles that seemed insurmountable a few years ago, have been overcome by the growers and shippers, says the survey, and with continued careful selection, grading, packing and shipping market experts say that the industry will enjoy increasing prosperity.

"Fully 90 per cent. of the marketed crop is shipped by express, the railroad company providing two or three express fruit trains daily. These trains run on a schedule of forty miles an hour, which puts the fruit on the Chicago market before daylight the second morning. Less than carload shipments are cared for by the express company, which operates local iced cars to pick up small shipments.

THE POWER OF MUSHROOMS

Not so very long ago the boys and girls of a certain public school were surprised to find that the asphalt of their playground was bulging and cracking. Next day they saw that the asphalt had been lifted above the ground on which it rested. It was as if there were some giant beneath the playground, like the giant in the fable who is said to have caused an eruption of the volcano at the bottom of which he lay whenever he turned over in his sleep.

But no giant had caused the upheaval of this playground, nor had there been an earthquake. The upheaval had been caused by mushrooms. When this happened people remembered that they had seen other upheavals of a similar character in that part of the country. Pavements had been raised and roadways strong enough to bear the heaviest traffic had had their surfaces thrust above their surroundings. In every case the disturbances had been caused by mushrooms.

Ealing, now one of London's busy suburbs, not so many years ago was a rural district, where mushrooms were cultivated. But times changed, the fields were built upon, and everybody forgot the mushrooms. But the mushrooms were not dead. The life-germs from which the mushrooms spring remained active down in the soil.

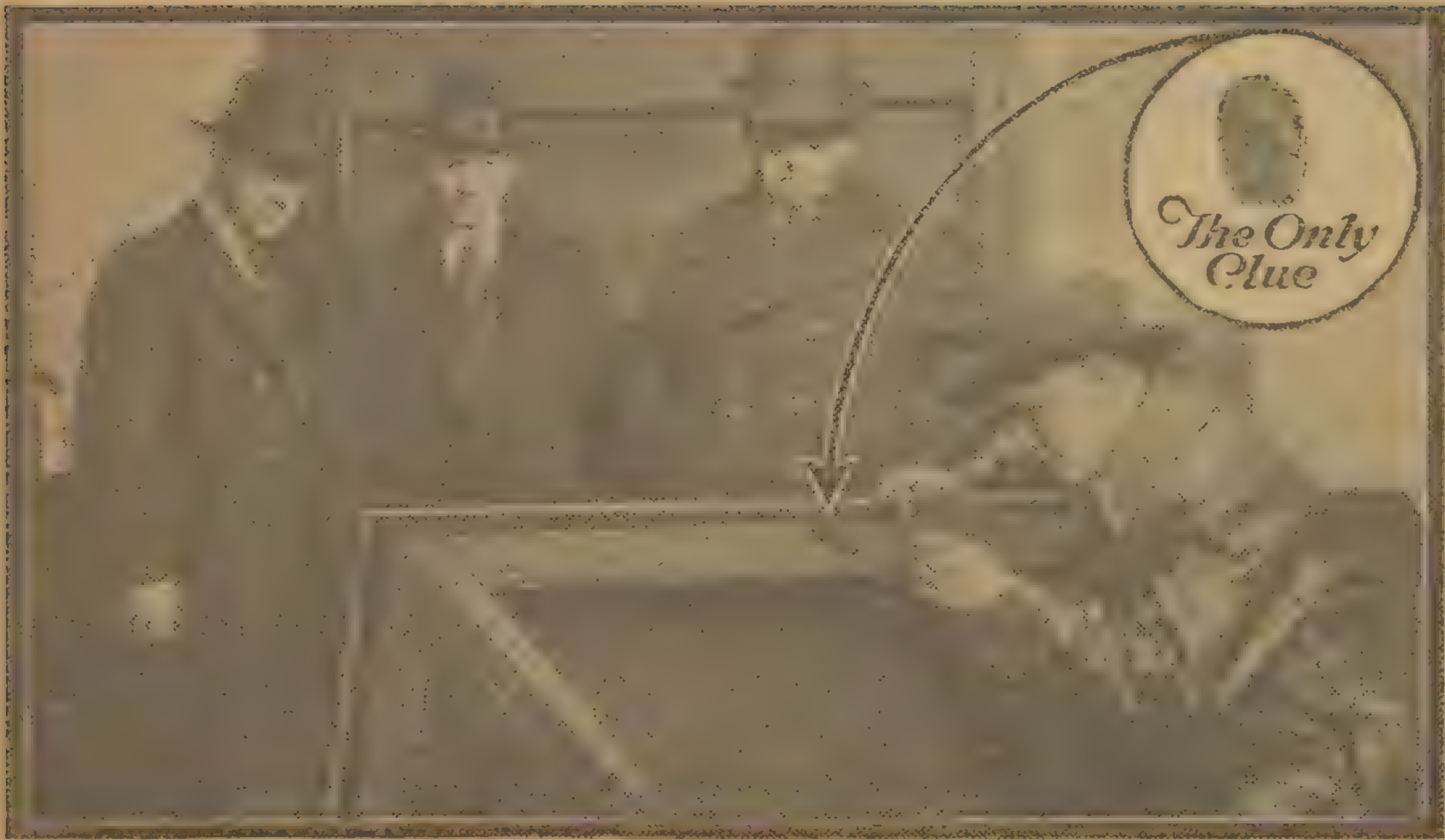
How is a mushroom, so fragile and feeble, able to force its way through concrete and asphalt? How is it able to carry up with it huge stones which have been cemented down? How is it that a mushroom can split a stout brick wall? The mushrooms in a garden at Beckenham did this some little time ago, pushing out a block of brickwork and mortar weighing 170 pounds, though the mushrooms themselves weighed less than three and one-half pounds. It is the result of one of the wonderful forces of nature which men can examine and explain and yet cannot cease to marvel at. By its gentle and continuous pressure, the growing and expanding mushroom can lift weights big enough to crush things a thousand times as strong at itself.

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WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T—O— Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

Finger Print Expert Solves Mystery

On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were plainly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

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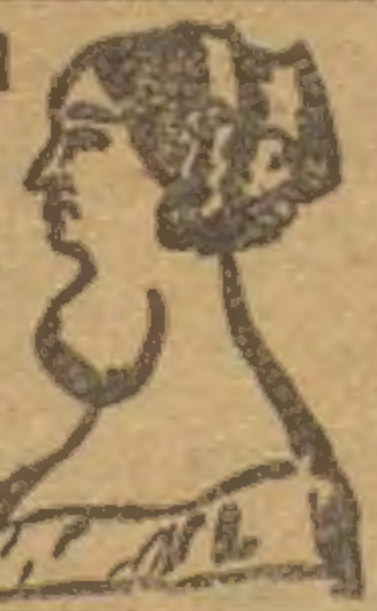


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